

FOR ADULTS ONLY

SEX ME UP!

\$9.95

# FRENCH KISS COMIX

#14

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

**GORGEOUS  
ART BY**

**DIEGO GRECO  
& ERDOSAIN**

**SANTACRUZ**

**GABRIEL B.**

**ALVARO**

**ARMAS**

**NOE**

**MAN**

**ATILIO**

**& IVAN**

**FEROCIUS**

**BRITO & VAL**

**AL AZIF**

**& MORR**

**C  
E  
X  
X  
X** coffee



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## Editorial

### LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

You often hear people say that Puritanism is on the rise in America. They say the new mechanisms of censorship are more subtle and wicked than ever. But in the Old World there are plenty of hypocrites with no sense of humor or blood in their veins who put their hands and snouts where it's none of their business. At the end of March of this year, a news story appeared that gave a glimpse of a terrifying image of where Europe might be headed thanks to the progressive relaxation of its borders. Gerhard Haderer, an Austrian comic strip artist, faced a prison term of six months to two years for his story *Life of Jesus*: a forty-page book published in ten countries that was pretty successful in some of them. In it, the Son of God is portrayed as a pothead who parties with Jimi Hendrix and is a surf bum. An image that has gotten up in arms guess who, in of all places ...the Greeks! In Greece, the orthodox church managed to provisionally pull the book from store shelves in 2002. In 2005, when Haderer was told that a Greek court had passed a judgment on him for blasphemy, the guy, as would be normal, laughed it off. When he got a court summons and started learning more about his case, though, he started to get a little worried: Haderer might have been the first victim of the common judicial system of the European Union that came into force in June 2002. Thank God our story has a happy ending. This past April 13, the Austrian artist had all charges dropped against him and his book began circulating freely through the country again. Hopefully

the judicial sentence will be a precedent in and outside of its borders, and the whiners of the world won't prevail and they'll go back to their own business. That's the only way we'll be able to keep on enjoying the erotic delicacies every three months from high-caliber artists like Man, Noe, Atilio, Ferocius...and our latest discovery, who we premier this month: Santacruz. We'll leave you with that. A big hug and a final thought: Liberty and Justice for All!

scanned by coffee 2006  
for CEXXx

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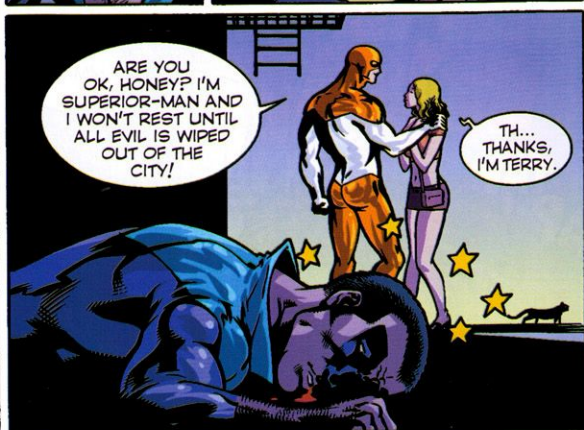
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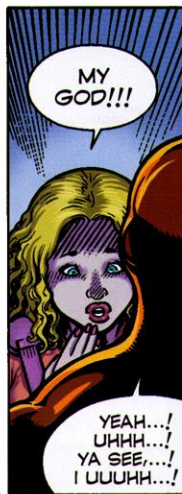
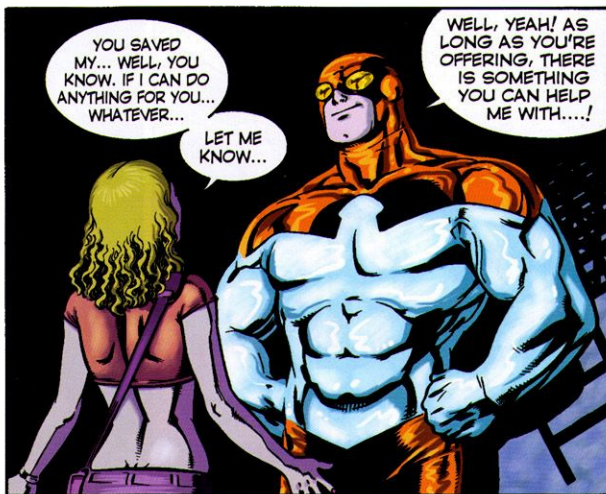




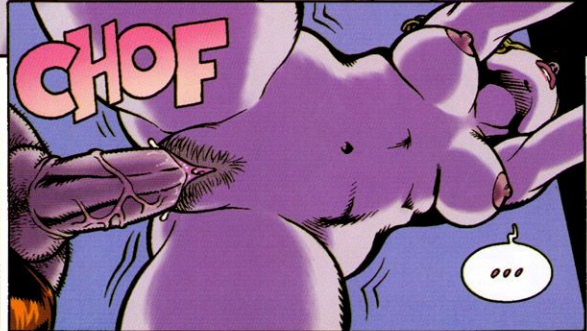
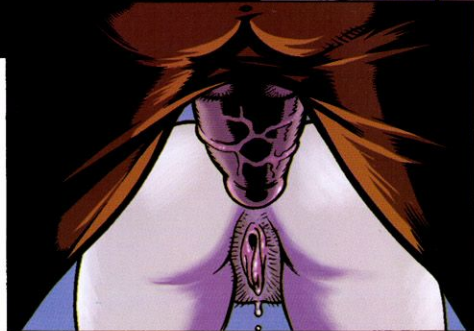
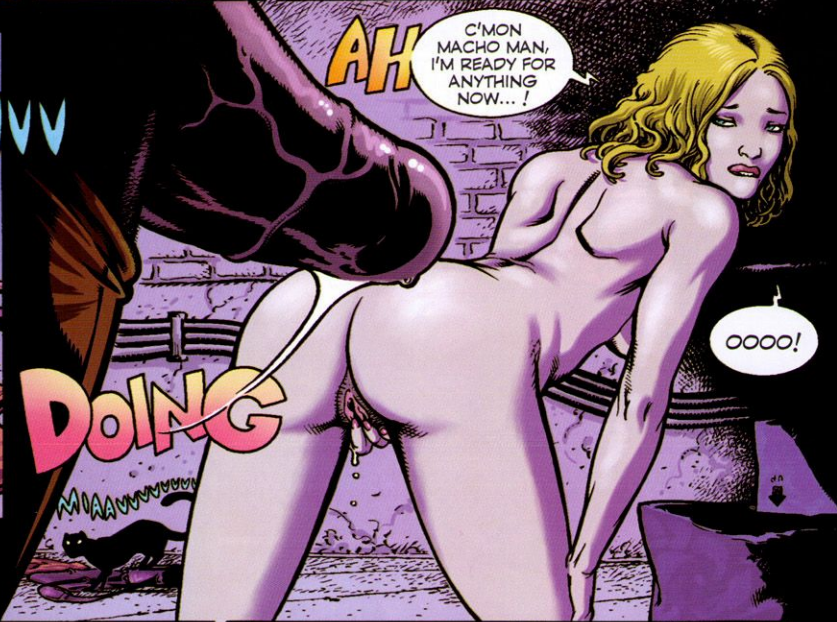
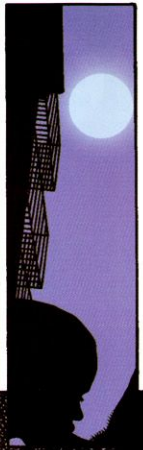




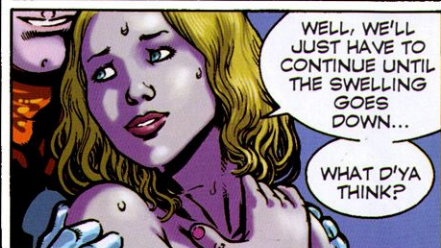
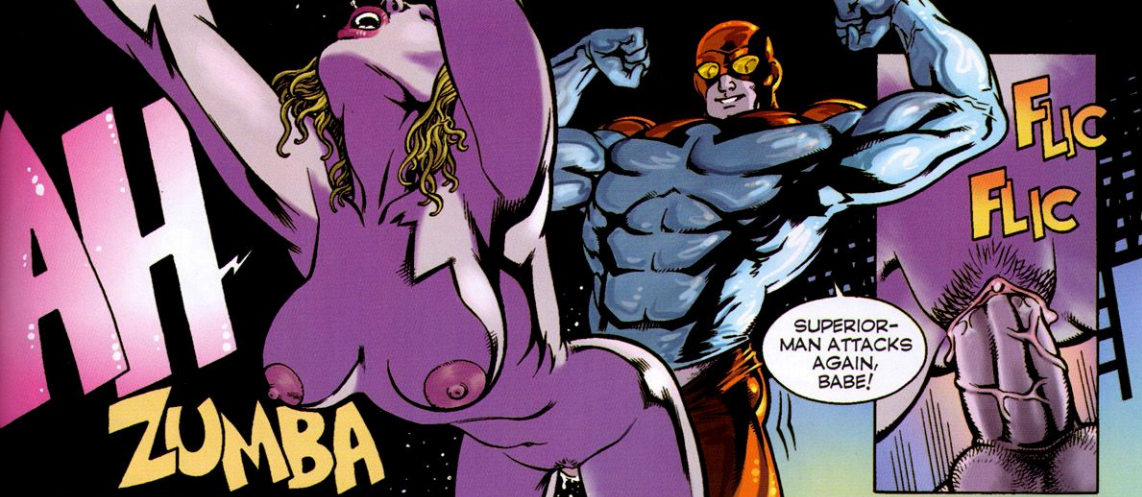




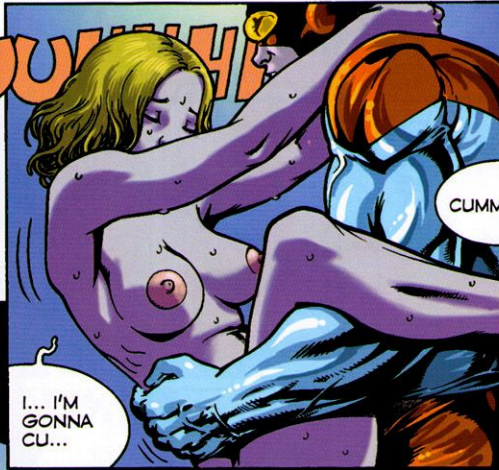




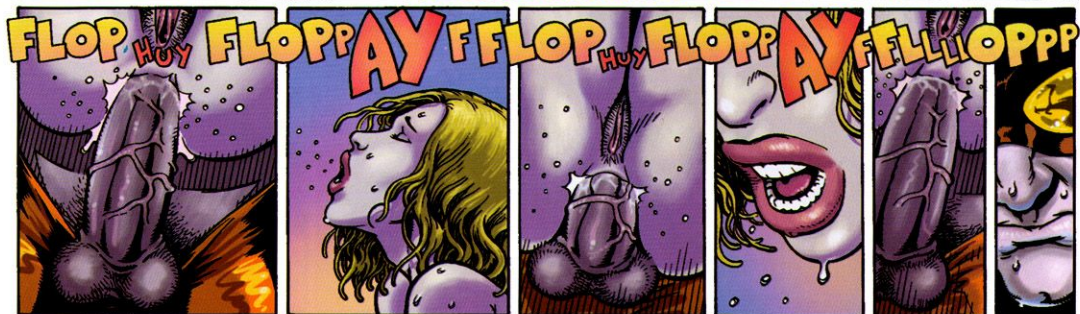
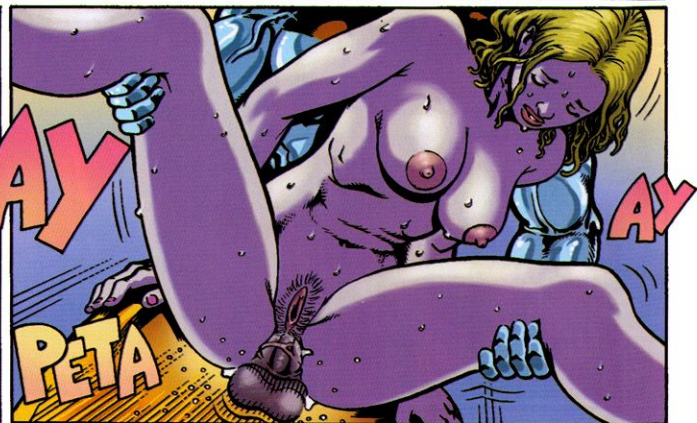
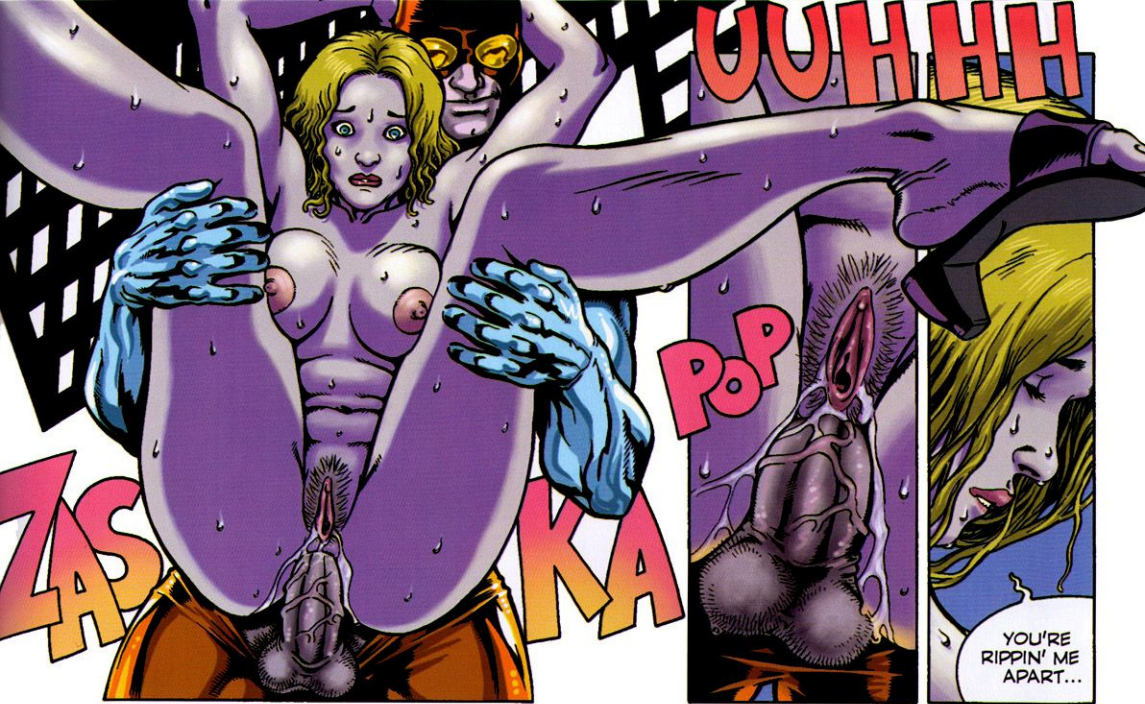




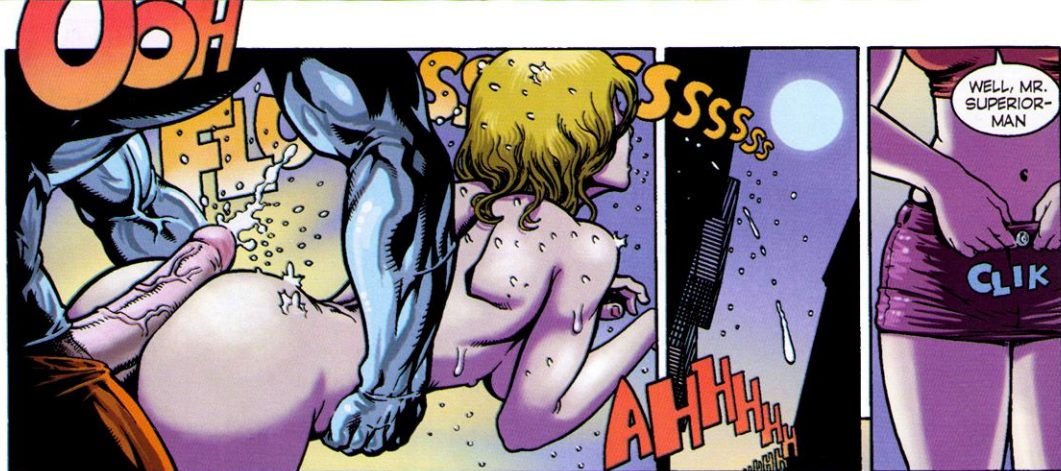












OUCH! HOW OFTEN DO I HAVE TO PLAY THE VILLAIN BEFORE YOU ACCEPT ME AS YOUR SIDEKICK? I KNOW THAT THIS WAY...

I'LL UNDERSTAND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE BAD GUYS, BUT...

DON'T COMPLAIN, BOY! YOU SHOULD HEAR WHAT I HAD TO DO TO BECOME...

CAPTAIN GAY'S SIDEKICK!

LIKE WHAT?

LEMME TELL YOU!

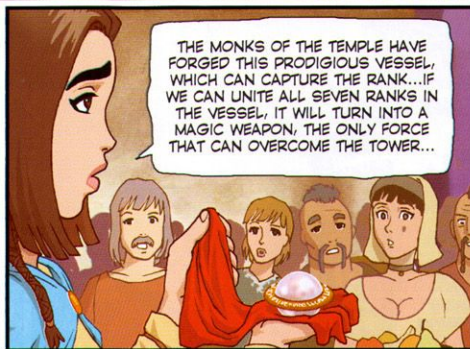
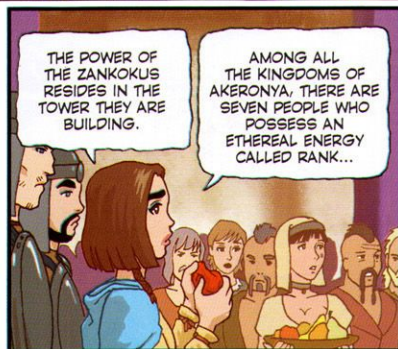
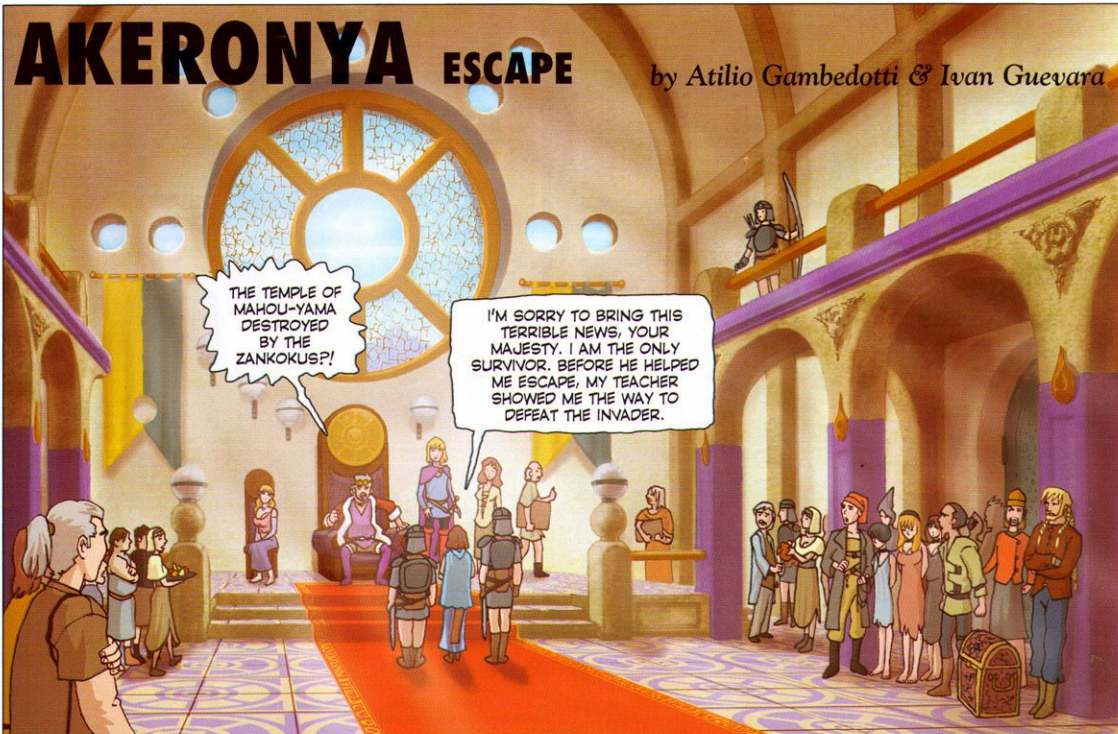
THE END



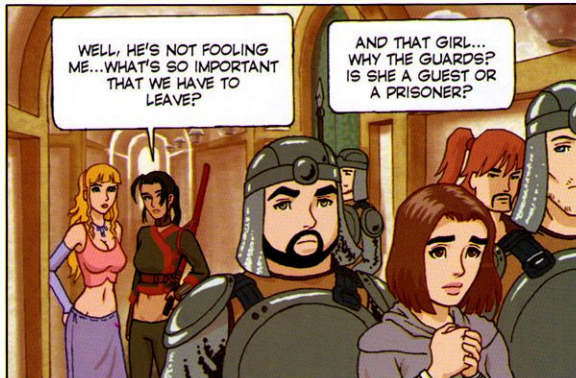
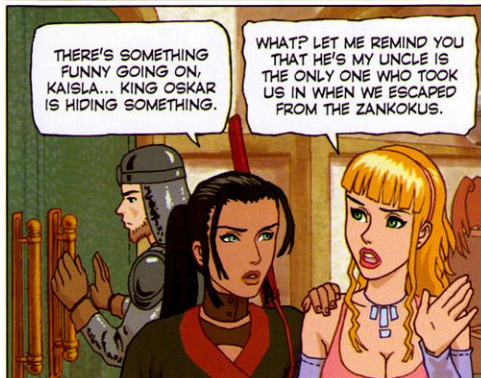
# AKERONYA

## ESCAPE

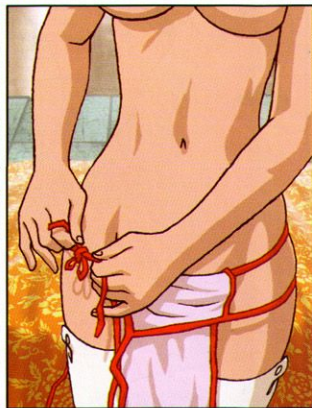
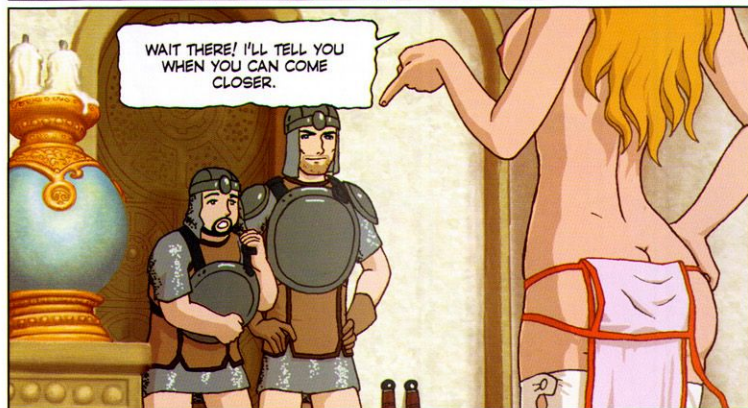
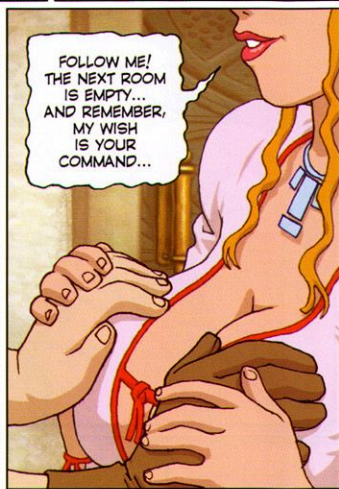
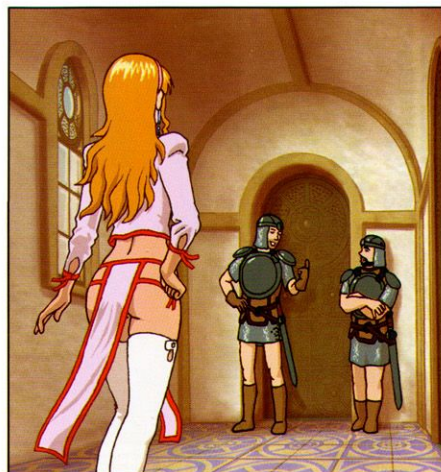
by Atilio Gambedotti & Ivan Guevara



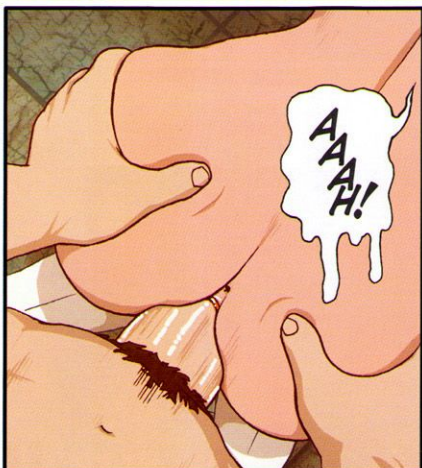




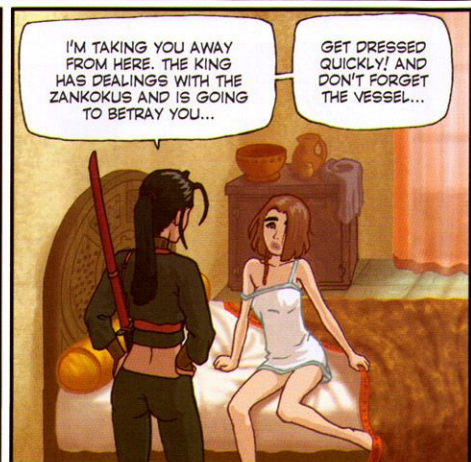
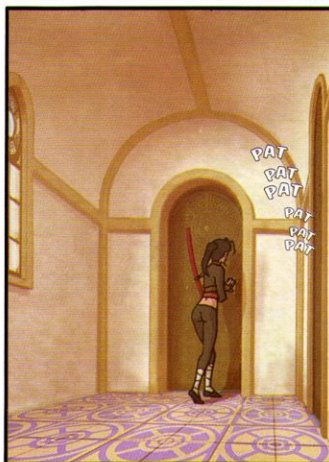




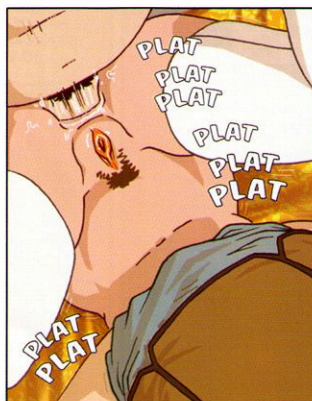
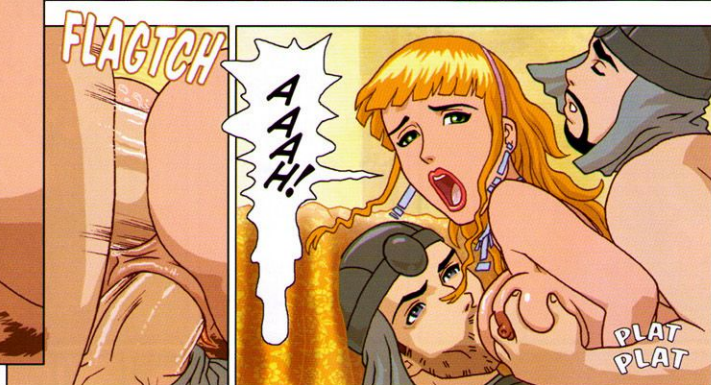
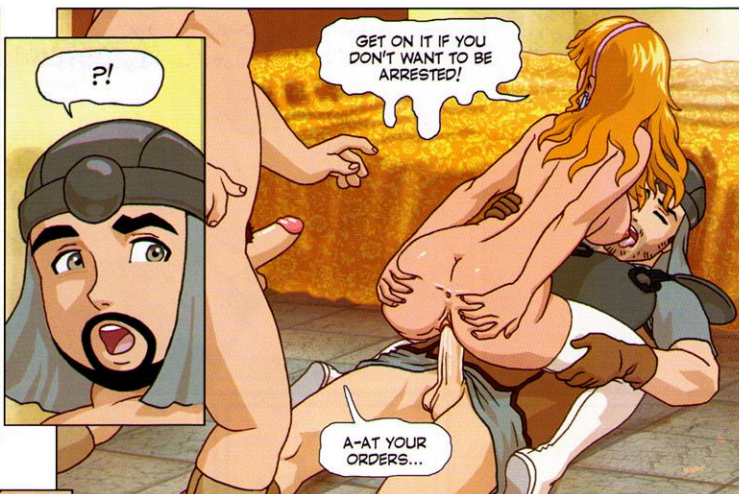




















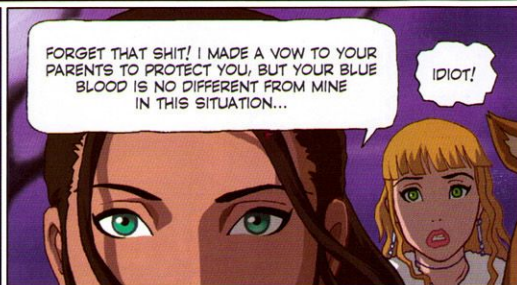
JUST IN TIME!

NOW WE MUST PLAN A RETURN TO THE CASTLE TO RESCUE MY UNCLE OSKAR... THE ZANKOKUS HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF HIS WILL!



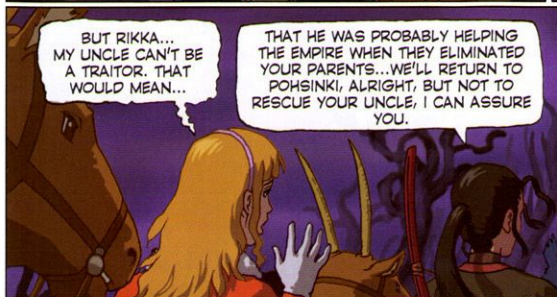
WILLP DON'T BE AN IDIOT, KAISLA. THE KING KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING.

DON'T CALL ME IDIOT! REMEMBER YOUR POSITION ON THE SOCIAL SCALE!



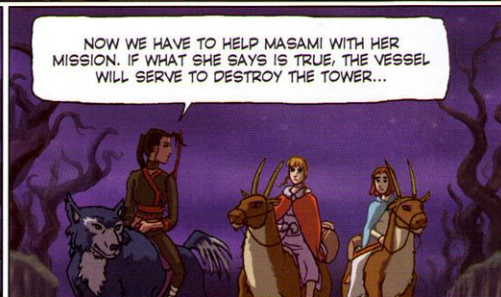
FORGET THAT SHIT! I MADE A VOW TO YOUR PARENTS TO PROTECT YOU, BUT YOUR BLUE BLOOD IS NO DIFFERENT FROM MINE IN THIS SITUATION...

IDIOT!



BUT RIKKA... MY UNCLE CAN'T BE A TRAITOR. THAT WOULD MEAN...

THAT HE WAS PROBABLY HELPING THE EMPIRE WHEN THEY ELIMINATED YOUR PARENTS... WE'LL RETURN TO POHSINKI, ALRIGHT, BUT NOT TO RESCUE YOUR UNCLE, I CAN ASSURE YOU.



NOW WE HAVE TO HELP MASAMI WITH HER MISSION. IF WHAT SHE SAYS IS TRUE, THE VESSEL WILL SERVE TO DESTROY THE TOWER...



YES, IT'S TRUE...THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO DEFEAT THE EMPIRE...

WHAT EMPIRE? WHAT TOWER? THE ONLY THING I WANT IS TO RECOVER MY KINGDOM!



DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, MASAMI. KAISLA IS A BIT RUDE, BUT SHE'LL GET OVER IT...

YOU CAN COUNT ON US.



WELL... GOOD-BYE MY KINGDOM! HOW I'LL MISS THE SOLDIERS!

BELIEVE ME KAISLA...YOU WON'T MISS THEM...

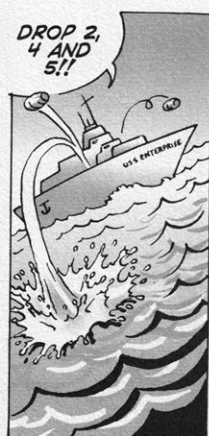
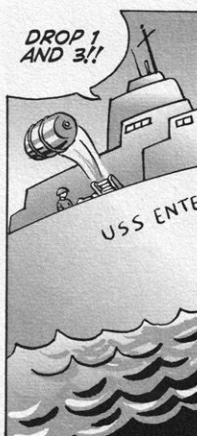


FOR WHATEVER THE REASON, WITH SOME WOMEN, YOU NEVER KNOW IF YOU'RE GONNA GET ANY.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LAY A DEPTH CHARGE ON THEM.

IT'S RISKY, BUT WITH THESE CHICKS YOU NEVER KNOW...

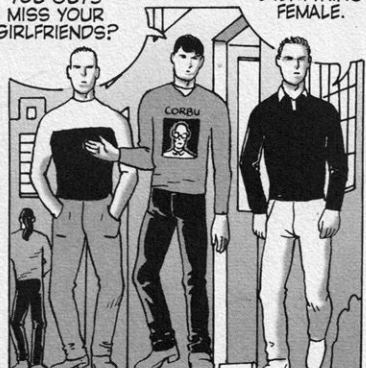
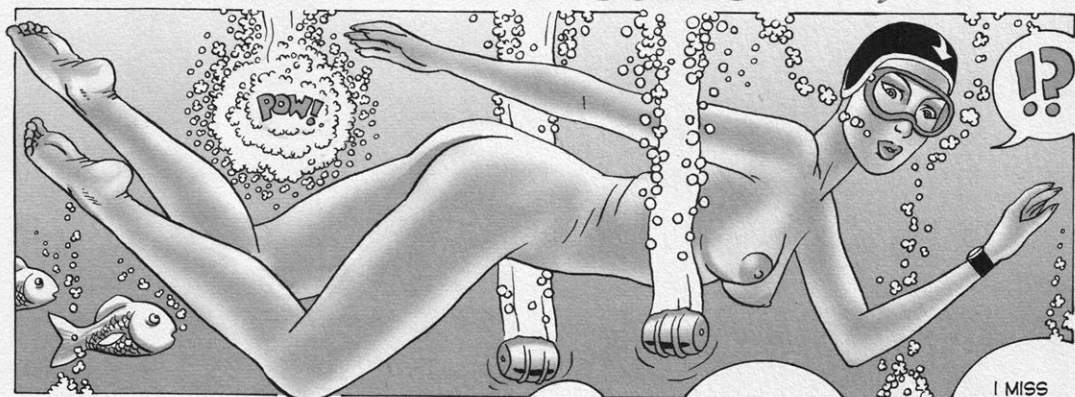
YOU MIGHT JUST GET SOME IF YOU'RE LUCKY.



# HOUSEWIVES getting some

## Depth Charge

by Armas



A STUDENT APARTMENT IN A UNIVERSITY TOWN. FOUR O'CLOCK, COFFEE TIME.



THE COURSES WERE HARD AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR MUCH.



...CAUSE IT'S MY MOST FAITHFUL LOVER.

HA, HA, HA!!  
GOD, YOU'RE PATHETIC!!

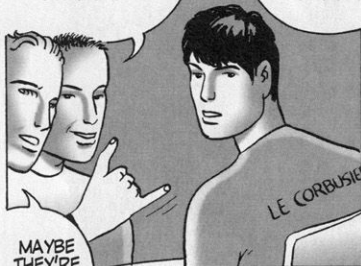


...IS GETTING OUT OF HAND...



DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THOSE MOMS ARE EYEING US.

DON'T LOOK, DAMMIT!





AND OFF GOES MIKE WITH  
WHAT I'D CALL A REAL DEPTH  
CHARGE!



SCUSE ME,  
MA'AM...

IANOLO'S

HE'S  
DOIN' IT  
DUDE!

WHAT  
TESTOS-  
TERONE  
CAN DO!

IF WE  
WANTED TO  
GET LAID! I'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
SO OFFENDED  
IN MY LIFE!!

WHAT'S  
LAID, MOM?

I TOLD  
YOU THEY  
WOULDN'T  
BE INTO  
IT!

SHUT  
UP AND RUN,  
ASSHOLE!



WAY TO GO,  
MIKE!

THAT'S WHAT I  
CALL BALLS!

WHAT!?



RUN!!

WHY  
SHOULD  
WE?

FIIIIUUU



I SHOULD  
THROWN  
THIS!

HEY, ROSE  
IS PASSING  
OUT!

ROTTEN, YOUNG  
PEOPLE ARE  
ROTTEN.

QUIET, CHILD.

MOM, WHAT'S  
LAID?

OH,  
OH!

MOM!

BESIDES THE RISK, THE PROBLEM  
WITH DEPTH CHARGES IS THEY  
DON'T ALWAYS EXPLODE AT  
THE RIGHT MOMENT...



I'LL  
GET IT.

DIN  
DON



!?

LE CORBUSIER

YOU  
GUYS ARE A  
BIT CRUDE,  
HUH?

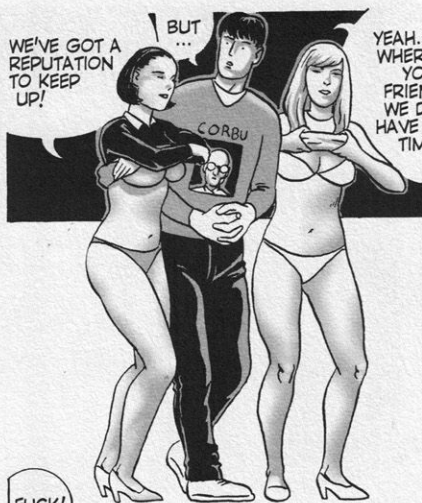
AND STUPID TO  
BOOT. HOW COULD  
YOU PASS US THAT  
NOTE IN FRONT OF  
EVERYBODY?

LISTEN,  
I UH...

GUYS  
DON'T  
THINK.

GOOD  
THING I  
WAS ABLE  
TO COVER  
IT UP, IF  
NOT...

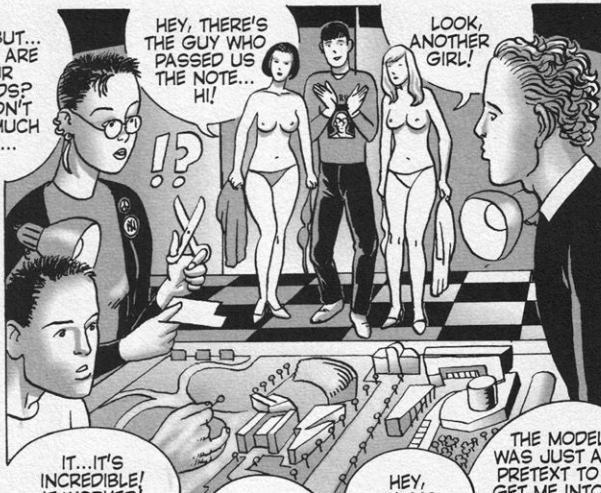




WE'VE GOT A REPUTATION TO KEEP UP!

BUT ...

YEAH..BUT... WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS? WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME...



HEY, THERE'S THE GUY WHO PASSED US THE NOTE... HI!

LOOK, ANOTHER GIRL!



FUCK!

ARE YOU HERE TO GET SOME TOO?

HEY, WHO ARE THESE SLUTS?

IT...IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT WORKED!



I LIKE YOUR SWEAT-SHIRT.

HEY, MAY IS GOING.

LET HER GO.

THE MODEL WAS JUST A PRETEXT TO GET ME INTO AN ORGY WITH THESE BITCHES, RIGHT?

BUT I LIKE YOU.



DON'T TOUCH ME, PERVERT.

LISTEN, WE DON'T KNOW EVEN KNOW THEM, REALLY.

YOU CAN'T GO, MAY!



SLAM!

WHO'S GONNA MAKE THE SHOPPING CENTER?

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. I'M GONNA TELL THE PROFESSOR TO CHANGE MY GROUP!



GREAT! AND WE HAVE TO HAND IT IN TOMORROW!

C'MON GUYS! AND NOW THESE TWO ARE SIDETRACKED.



HEY JACKIE, CHECK THE LAND-SCAPE!



UH...WELL... LET 'EM STAY A WHILE.



















# Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



## FOUND IN TRANSLATION

Japanese artists have always fascinated those trying to be the hippest members of their generation but in reality are mostly dweebs with hang-ups about social licentiousness, obsessed with technology, and as Volker Grassmück says, indies who won't deal with the establishment and who are the culmination of consumer culture. The biggest underground force capitalism could have imagined. And after that sociological reflection, we can concentrate on *Tokyo Girls*, another book filled with nicely reproduced photos for reading at inconvenient times.

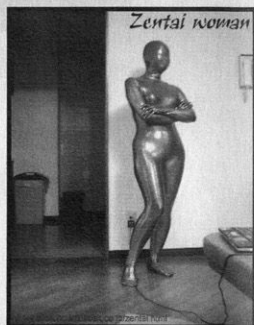
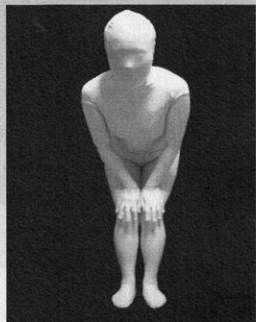
Yasuji Watanabe is the editor of *Sniper*, a cult magazine in Japan, and founder of the creative team *Amida 7*, at whose bosom he began his photographic work, part of which can be seen at [www1.ttcn.ne.jp/~anjindesign/yasujiwatanabe.html](http://www1.ttcn.ne.jp/~anjindesign/yasujiwatanabe.html). In this luxurious volume published by Edition Reuss, the discussion is typical of the Japanese, artists or not: infantilization, games, physical fragility, solitude, biological turmoil, sex objects and accidental sexiness. Watanabe's taste is peerless, imbued with ad clips and foreign films, more dramatic than over-hyped star Araki but gentler in his approach and thus more appealing to Western tastes. *Tokyo Girls* isn't a wanna-be erotic book unless you think that mixing food, outlandish fetishes and fully clothed urbanites isn't eroticism. But Watanabe isn't complacent when it comes to foolishness, and between fetish and phobia presents us with a ton of apathetic pussies, cotton panties and tied up girls as only the Japanese can and everyone else can only imitate.

### TOKYO GIRLS

Yasuji Watanabe

Edition Reuss

In bookstores with imported titles or at [www.edition-reuss.de](http://www.edition-reuss.de)



## FLOOR LENGTH DRESSES

Continuing with the Japanese theme, a bizarre, but not too outlandish recommendation. That the Japanese are our friends but are really kinky isn't news to anyone. And if you've got any doubt about that, visit this web page. The first impression is disturbing but a few more looks and our curiosity is piqued. Yes, it's perverse, but it's also fascinating. It's about what we perceive in photos and nothing more: galleries of totally anonymous women cinched into one-piece suits, everything visible but nothing exposed. A fetish that promotes the depersonalization and anonymity of the object of desire. Textures, colors, broad gestures that are undeniably feminine. This taste for depersonalization while suggesting all the hidden curves through materials like latex, leather and wool is called *zentai*, and is one of the many particular fetishes that the Japanese get into like no one else.

[kigsa.hp.infoseek.co.jp/zentai.html](http://kigsa.hp.infoseek.co.jp/zentai.html)

(Continued on page 35)

french kiss 14

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# REM

Gabriel B.

REAL PEOPLE'S STORIES,  
FANTASIES, DREAMS AND  
SEXY NIGHTMARES







OR ABOUT  
WINGS  
LIKE THESE?



HEY!  
I'M NOT A  
MONSTER!



WHO ARE  
YOU?

YOUR  
GUARDIAN  
ANGEL. WHATCHA  
GOT THERE?



NOTHING,  
NOTHING.

WELL  
YOUR  
"NOTHING"  
IS RISING.



CONTINUE  
WHAT YOU WERE  
DOING AND LET  
ME SEE...



I'VE NEVER DONE  
IT IN FRONT OF  
ANYONE.

SEEMS LIKE  
YOU'RE HAVING  
TROUBLE. ARE  
YOU OKAY?



DO YOU WANT  
ME TO STOP  
LOOKING AT  
YOU?

WHEN YOU'RE  
NERVOUS  
IT'S MORE  
DIFFICULT.



NO, NO. IF YOU'RE GOING  
TO STAY, LOOK ME IN  
THE EYE.

ANYTHING  
ELSE I CAN  
DO TO HELP  
YOU?



WELL...  
THING IS...

HUH?  
WHAT'D  
YOU SAY?













READY!  
YOU'RE  
INSIDE ME  
NOW.



AND NOW WHAT?  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
ABOUT GOING  
UP?

HEY. WE'RE  
TAKING  
FLIGHT...



DON'T WORRY,  
I WON'T LET  
YOU GO...



COME A  
LITTLE CLOSER  
TO MY LIPS...



...SO I CAN READ  
YOU BETTER.



WAS THAT WHAT  
YOU HAD IN MIND?  
FOR ME TO TURN  
AROUND?



WELL,  
ALMOST...THAT'S  
LIKE WHAT I  
THOUGHT...

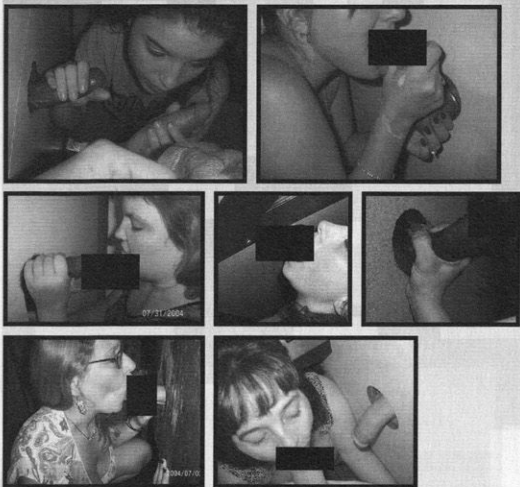




# Under the counter

(Continued from page 27)

by Ruben Lardin



## NO ONE'S DICK

Women, although they deny it, also focus their sexual interests in the penis. The most priggish would say it's all about little nibbles on the neck, and this and that, but when they get hot below the belt where they're made for a good pokin', there the silliness ends. The penis is a symbol, object of desire, specific representation of possible plenitude and the ultimate objective of female horniness. That's why the places specializing in this sort of interchange are hot and happening when at other times they were fodder only for the most daring. Like a natural derivation of typical dark room or XXX movie theater naughtiness, playing with an anonymous member through an orifice made for this purpose seems to be the thing at sex-shop booths for "all" audiences. Let's have a look: a woman or a girl goes into a booth, alone or accompanied. In the adjacent booth, a guy puts his dick in the hole and gets off. Personally, I'm not into the idea of being blown by an anonymous woman without any visual stimulation unless there's no other option; besides, it'd make me a little paranoid. I can't speak for you guys. But to see women so uninhibited, so greedy for cock and so sincere because of the anonymity, that would get us all off. If you want to check all this out, I'll leave you with a couple of sites where you'll find tons of material, along with other possibilities. You're welcome—don't mention it.

[www.gloryhole.com](http://www.gloryhole.com)  
[www.adulttheaterfun.com](http://www.adulttheaterfun.com)



## MORE MACHO THAN ANYONE!

And now an exotic product for those of you who can read Spanish. In the Internet age, paper fanzines don't seem so with it, but there are still powerful, important ones. *2000 Maniacos* from Spain is still cutting edge, and just as any excuse is a good one for throwing a party, this zine is celebrating 15 years of fringe journalism. Fifteen years talking about B, Z and X films. Fifteen years of raunchiness and fifteen years of cultural commentary free of hang-ups. In issue 33, the contents are as juicy as ever and as loaded with rage and disaster. An article on the life and work of José María Ponce, directly responsible for the internationalization of Spanish porn, who's also interviewed; a chat in the production studios with Pedro Tembourry, a crazy-ass Spaniard who just finished filming a movie called *They Stole Hitler's Dick*; the second part of the mega-interview with José Ramón Larraz, creator of titles as vital and exciting in Spanish cinema as *A Visit with Sin*; an interview with the entertaining Bud Spencer; another with Russ Meyer; a review of the psychotronic adventures of the supergiant from the *Get Smart* series; and even a one-page story in which *The Prisoner* denounces the plagiarizing he was a victim of in *The Sea Inside*, the film by Amenábar that won the Best Foreign Film Oscar. It's clear that *2000 Maniacos* is still in tip-top form and that new Latino generations will grow up strong and healthy with their dose of...cinema. We're really looking forward to the next issue, which they've announced will be a special edition, watch out!... *Girls Only!*

**2000 Maniacos #33**

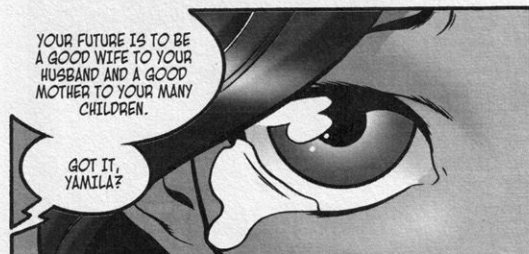
Subscribe by writing to Manuel Valencia, Apdo. 5251, 46080 Valencia, Spain or send an e-mail: [manolin@inicia.es](mailto:manolin@inicia.es)





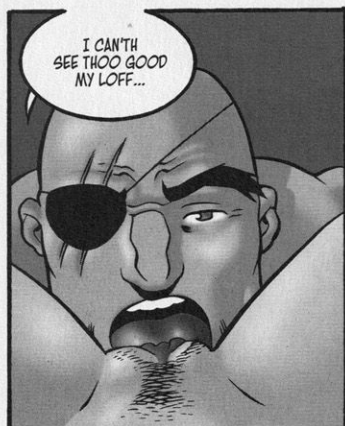
# Incredible Stories

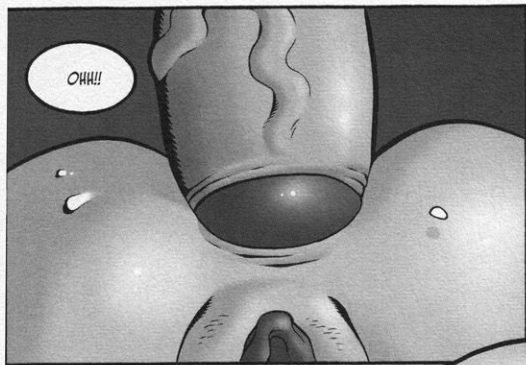
## Chapter 7



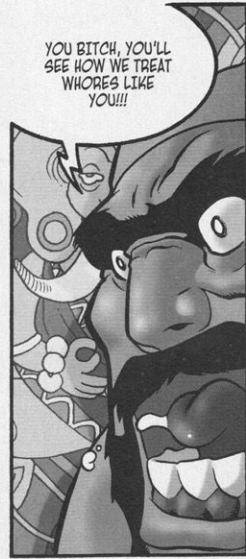














WELL, GENTLEMEN,  
IT'S TIME THAT I  
SHOW YOU MY "MASTER  
PLAN."



A SERIES OF  
ATTACKS THAT WILL  
SHOCK THE WORLD.

THESE AREN'T PRANKS: WE  
AREN'T ASKING FOR PEACE  
OR EQUALITY...JUST MONEY  
AND POWER. WE'LL CREATE  
AN EMPIRE THAT WILL BE  
FEARED BY ALL.

AND WE'LL  
PLANT LOTS OF  
BOMBS, EH?



WHAT WAS  
THAT NOISE? ARE  
YOU ALL...



...RIGHT?



GODDAMN  
WHORE...

HA, HA, HA,  
AND THREE  
MORE HERE.

AND  
ONE  
THERE.



...I'LL KILL  
YOU!

OH, IT'S  
YOU. WELL,  
YOU KNOW  
IF YOU  
TOUCH ME,  
YOU'RE  
DEAD,  
BABY.



AAGGG!!!

I WARNED YOU,  
DARLING.



OOPS!



THAT...MY LOVE...WAS ALL A  
MISUNDERSTANDING...I  
LOVE YOU WITH ALL...ALL  
MY HEART...AND YOU ME,  
RIGHT?



AGGH...! DAMN MEN!  
YOU CAN'T TRUST  
THEM!

SLUT!!



brings you the best of today's porn cinema: explosive actresses, hard'n'heavy actors, movie shoots, film releases, hot festivals. ...

## JANINE

The blond bombshell from California



The return of the porn star Janine has the industry buzzing...as well as all the fans of good old American porn. Her new movie, *Maneater*, directed by Paul Thomas, shows her, for the first time, fucking actors with hair on their chests. The 90s, when she reached the heights of porn Olympia as "the lesbian queen", are well over. Now in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, Janine is back again. With more tats and bigger tits...and ready to devour all men who come her way!

### CALIFORNIA HOT

Our explosive blond was born March 14, 1968 in Mirada, a tiny, forgotten town in California. She was baptized *Janine Lindenmulder*, and right away she stood out as one of the prettiest girls in school. Tall, flashy, brazen...the typical California cheerleader able to make guys lose their minds. "I didn't like school at all," Janine remembers. "I always snuck off with the bad boys. They were crazy years: too many parties, too much sex and too many drugs."

### TEMPTATION'S NAME IS JANINE

Having just turned eighteen and with a killer bod, Janine graduates. The pace of her life goes from velocity to vertigo. Spending too much and barely any dollars in her pockets for a girl at an age ready to eat up the world, "the blond bombshell" decides to go for the gold and presents herself at a few photo auditions for *Penthouse*. In short time, she became the pet of the month. It's December 1987. "Getting chosen as a *Penthouse* Pet was a real stepping stone. There's a before and after that in my career," she recalls. "From one day to the next people recognized me in the street from my covers on men's magazines. I started making a lot of money and feeling more stable, not so crazy."



### SEXY GIRL

Committed to turning herself into one of the most popular sex symbols in the United States, the California nymph danced and stripped in the best night clubs. She became one of the highest-earning strippers around and took advantage of her fame, acting in thrillers and low-budget action movies like *Spring Break USA*, *Moving Target* and *Caged Fury*. Between gunshots, chase scenes and car explosions, Janine displayed her talents for the big screen, screaming, running and showing her charms. But what about...porn? Easy now, we'll get there...

### HOT DREAMS AND STEAMY SEX

It's 1992. The spectacular Janine debuts in the XXX film directed by the exquisite *Andrew Blake* (*Night Trips*) and produced by *Ultimate Pictures*. Her scene with *Julia Ann*, a super hot lesbian one in which they fuck like animals, playing with an ice dildo, wound up as—according to the magazine *AVN*—one of the best "girl-girl" scenes of all times and launched Janine into the big time: an exclusive contract with *Vivid Video*, without having to fuck guys on film, lots of promotion (magazine covers, autograph signing, awards at festivals) and first-rate films. A legend was born.

### GIMME MORE!

Between 1992 and 2002, Janine was in more than ninety X movies, mostly with *Vivid*. She always shared scenes, pussy eating and sweat with other actresses, never actors. That's how successes like *Blondage*, *Suite 18*, *The Player*, *Sex Player* and the different movies from the lesbian series *Where the Boys Aren't* were made. But her lack of sex scenes with men begged the question: Can a porn star allow herself the luxury of not fucking actors like *Peter North*, *Randy Spears* or *Mike Horner*? She defends herself: "Of course I could stay away from guys. It's the same thing as girls who don't want to do anal scenes or get in gangbangs. I didn't want a guy's dick near me. My private life is another thing. I can have as much fun with a guy as with a girl."

### JULIA ANN

For seven years Janine formed a lethal artistic couple with her good friend *Julia Ann*. They hit all the American festivals with the erotic spectacle *Blondage*. Wagging tongues say that on more than one occasion and swept away by an unquenchable libido, the two porn stars had sex on site and spent the night in the slammer, accused of public indecency.

As far as women go, Janine was never confused: "My favorite is *Julia Ann*. She's a woman who knows what she wants and knows what you want. When we fucked, sparks flew and I had some of the best orgasms of my life."

### PUT A PIMP IN YOUR LIFE

Although Janine never shot heterosexual porn on a commercial level, her fans got what they wanted. In 1996 *Janine & Vince Neil: Hardcore & Uncensored*, a home movie in which the golden blond had sex with the *Mötley Crüe* singer, came out. This urban legend turned into reality, in addition to her frequent late night appearances with *Jay Leno* and in *Blink 182* and *Vince Neil*'s videos, made Janine a pop star. "I love feeling like a goddess and that everyone's hanging all over me," she proudly affirms. "I adore traveling all over the world, staying in the most expensive hotels and having a ton of admirers waiting



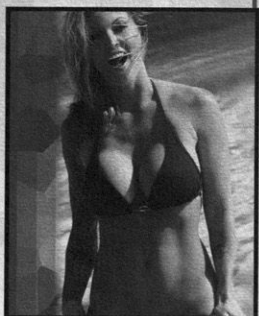
for autographs. What more could I ask for?"

## MAN EATER

Lured by a multimillion contract, Janine has finally decided to fuck a guy in a movie. In *Maneater* she stars in three scenes: first with Nick Manning, then in a three-way with Dale de Bone and Angelica and lastly, with Julian. The porn superstar thrashes and moans, but still oozes eroticism and excitement. She's a little too heavily tattooed, and those rings in her nipples and clitoris are distracting, but watching her is exciting...really exciting. Her fans know that and they're turning this new movie directed by Paul Thomas and produced Vivid into the most-watched film of the year. And you, what are you waiting for?

## WE'RE YOURS, JANINE!

I forgot: if you want to find out everything there is to know about your favorite actress, you can visit her official web page, which contains a ton of exclusive material for you to enjoy to the fullest. Go to: [www.totallyjanine.com](http://www.totallyjanine.com). And if you're the letter-writing type, take note of her fan club addresses: 1601 N. Sepulveda Blvd. #507, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266-5133. Or: 9016 Wilshire Blvd. #342, Beverly Hills, CA-90211. If she's got some spare time and likes what you send in, she might even send you a personal letter. Good luck!



## JANINE IN THE FLESH

These are the best XXX movies this super sexy blond has filmed. Don't miss a single one!

1992  
*Hidden Obsessions*

1994  
*Blondage*  
*Vagablonde*  
*Channel Blonde*  
*Women In & Out of Uniform*  
*Extreme Sex 3: Wired*  
*Suite 18*

1995  
*Layover*  
*The Player*

1996  
*Lethal Affairs*  
*Body Language*

1997  
*Broken Promises*  
*Sex Player*  
*Temporary Positions*

1998  
*Where the Boys Aren't*, vol. 10

1999  
*Seven Deadly Sins*  
*Blondage 3*

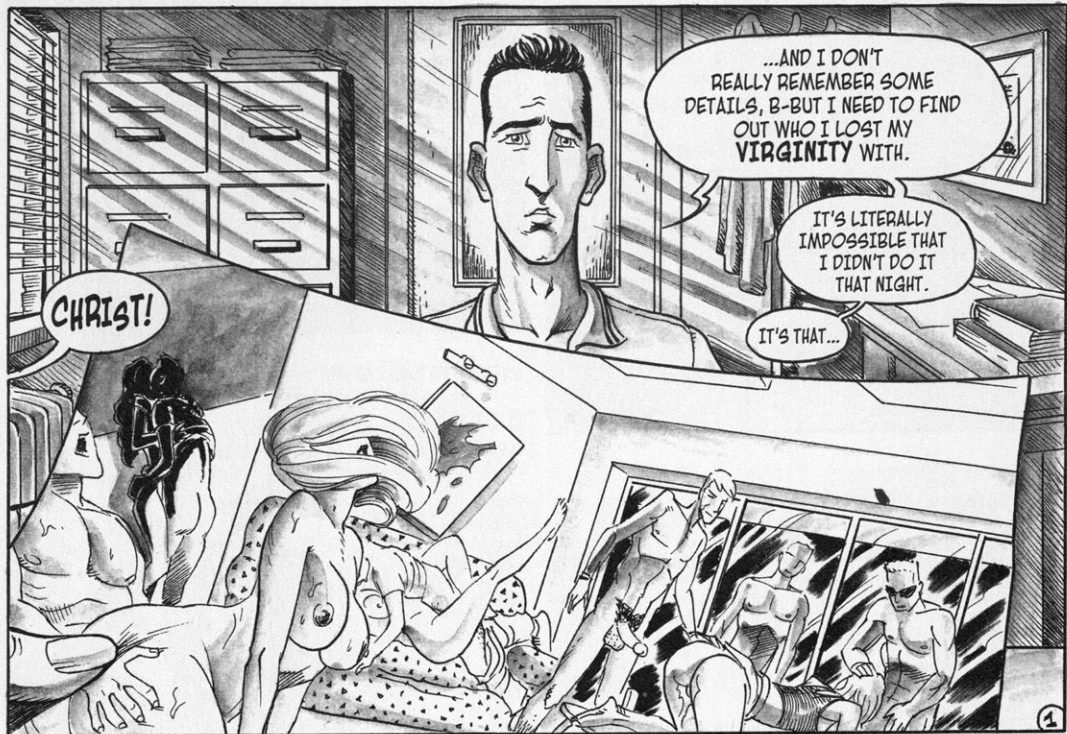
2000  
*All Night Dinner*  
*King of the Load*

2001  
*Deep Inside Racquel Darrian*  
*Deep Inside Nexus*  
*Sleeping Booty*

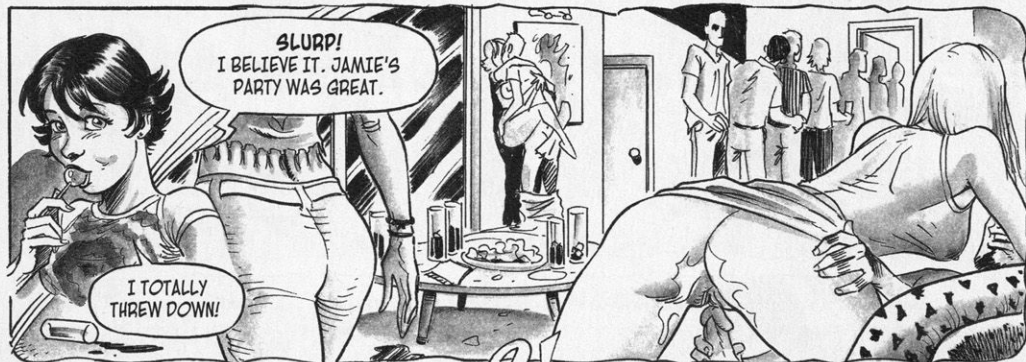
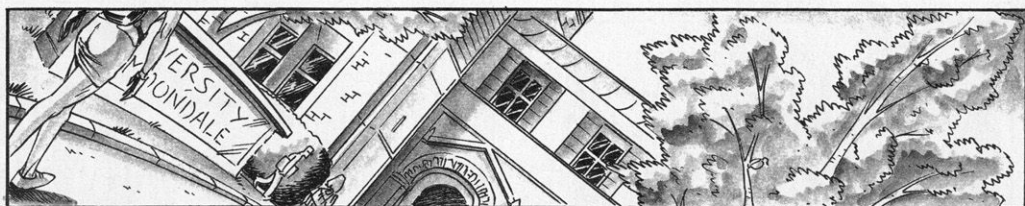
2003  
*Red, White & Blond*

2004  
*Valley Cats*  
*Nasty as I Wanna Be* Nikki Tyler  
*Maneater*





# A MATTER OF TASTE















THE END



# Rain-bow

by Ferocius

Jim illustrates hard-core porno for AAH! Magazine, but it's signed by his nephew Rain, who takes all the credit for it with fans and the media, as if he were the author. Jim contributes his fantastic illustrations and Rain his pretty face. Both of them benefit from the deal: Jim has re-launched his career as an illustrator and Rain is taking advantage of his popularity among the female fans to make it with lots of attractive girls. And so, our Rain jumped from bed to bed until he met up with what may to be his definitive lover, a girl he had a torrid romance with in our last episode that went beyond mere sexual satisfaction. Just when it seemed like things couldn't get any better, Rain opened the latest issue of AAH! and was shocked to see several letters in the "Letters from Our Readers" section putting him down as an artist and saying they should throw him out of the mag. At the same time the letters praised another contributor to the publication, Navajo Jack. Of course Rain couldn't know that it was Navajo Jack, himself, writing the letters under false names because he was pissed off that nobody was paying attention to his work....



INSTEAD OF PROTESTING DIRECTLY TO HIS EDITOR, CLARENCE RETURNED TO THE PATRIARCH'S HOMESTEAD, THE RAIN-BOW RESIDENCE...

DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU, MY DEAR GRANDSON, IT'S FREE PUBLICITY.

NONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS ARE GOING TO DROP YOU BECAUSE OF THESE ANONYMOUS LETTERS. I'M SURE THEY'LL SUPPORT YOU.

YOU THINK SO?

THE FUNNY THING IS, SEVERAL READERS CRITICIZE YOU AND THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME STYLE, ALTHOUGH THEY'RE WRITING FROM DIFFERENT LOCATIONS.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE A READER MENTIONS THE LAST LETTER AND SUPPORTS WHAT IT SAYS.

THE LETTERS SPEAK WELL OF SOME AND BADLY OF OTHERS, BUT THEY ALL SAY THE SAME THING: YOU SHOULD BE KICKED OUT OF THE MAGAZINE! AND...

"NAVAJO JACK IS GREAT!"

GREAT? WELL, I'M NOT ONE TO JUDGE.

DON'T YOU THINK NAVAJO JACK SHOULD PUBLICLY THANK HIS ADMIRERS FOR ALL THIS PRAISE? HA, HA, HA.

RIGHT! THE GAME IS OBVIOUS, LIKE HE WANTED ME TO FIND OUT. COULD HE BE GAY?



ON THE WAY HOME  
RAIN THINKS ABOUT  
OLD BOW'S THEORY.

NAVAJO JACK  
COULD BE A DUMB  
TRICKSTER, BUUT...  
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!



THAT  
FUCKER IS  
TELLING THE  
TRUTH!

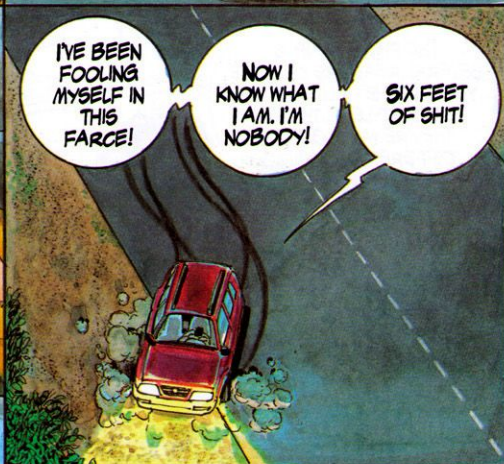
I'M NOTHING MORE THAN  
A WHORE SELLING MY BODY.  
AND I THOUGHT I WAS  
SOMEONE IMPORTANT!



I'VE BEEN  
FOOLING  
MYSELF IN  
THIS  
FARCE!

NOW I  
KNOW WHAT  
I AM. I'M  
NOBODY!

SIX FEET  
OF SHIT!



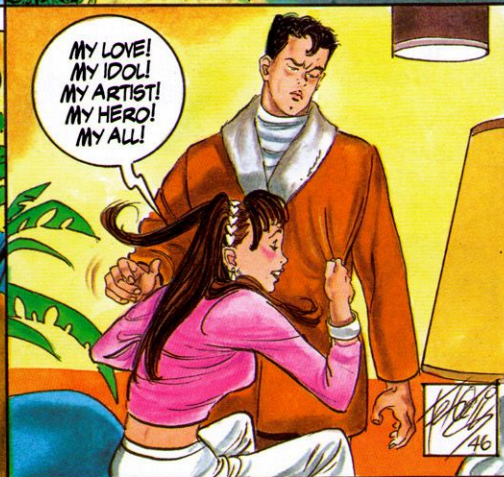
SOMEONE IS ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR HIM AT THE APARTMENT...

DARLING!  
YOU'RE FINALLY  
BACK. I MISSED YOU  
SO MUCH!

YEAH... HI.

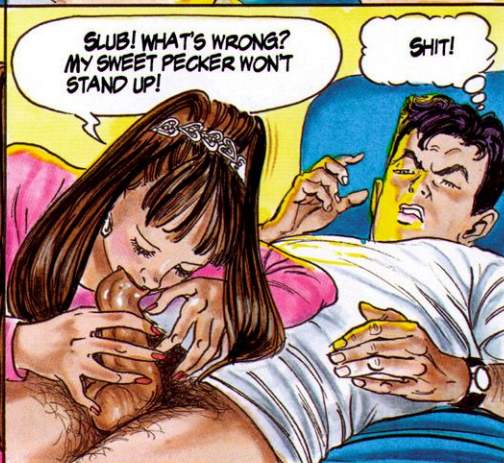
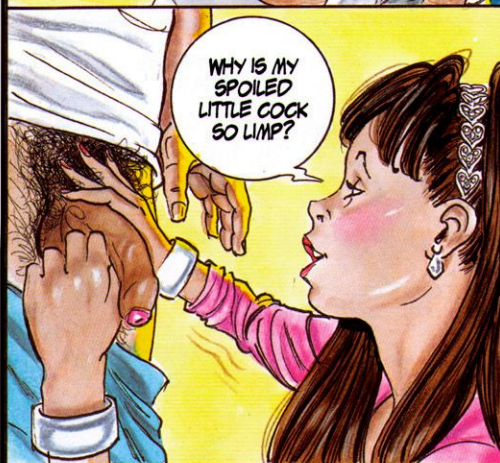


MY LOVE!  
MY IDOL!  
MY ARTIST!  
MY HERO!  
MY ALL!





LATER





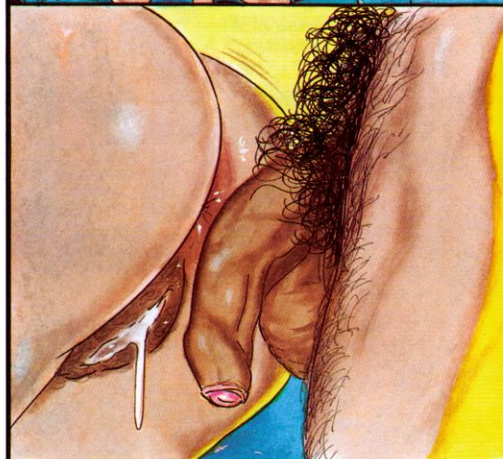


OK!  
I'M READY,  
PUT IT IN  
ME.



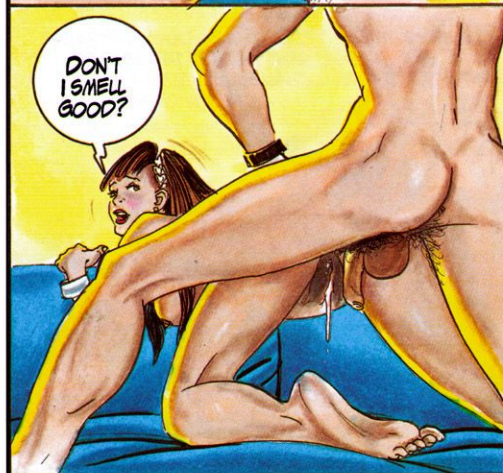
C-CAN'T  
GET IT UP!

HURRY,  
MY LOVE!



WHAT'S HAPPENING  
TO MY CHAMP?

"CHAMP"?...  
SHIT!



DON'T  
I SMELL  
GOOD?



YOU SMELL GREAT!  
YOU'RE UHH... JUST A  
LITTLE DRY. I'LL HAVE  
TO LICK YOU.

OH GOD! LET  
THE TELEPHONE  
RING. SOME-  
BODY KNOCK  
ON THE DOOR.  
ANYTHING!!!

48





I'LL MAKE  
HER COME SO  
SHE CALMS  
DOWN.



OH YES,  
EAT ME  
MY LOVE!



OH RAIN,  
YOU'RE MORE  
WONDERFUL  
THAN I EVER  
IMAGINED!



AH! AH!  
OH DARLING,  
DON'T STOP!

LET'S SEE IF  
I GET HARD  
WITH THIS  
TONGUE PLAY...



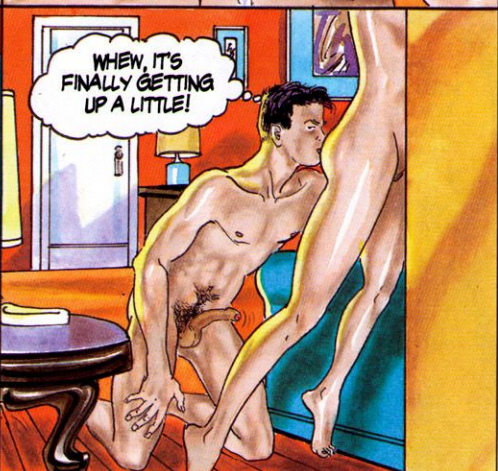
OH, OH! I'M  
GONNA COME!



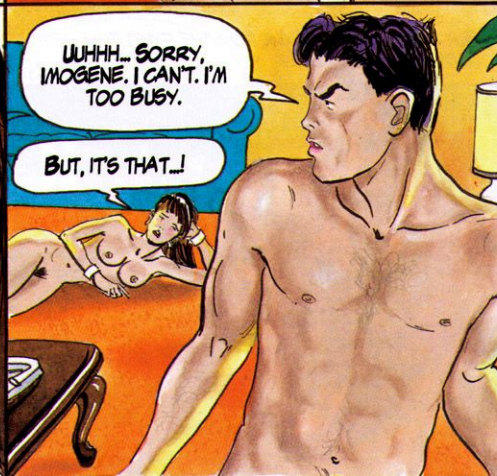
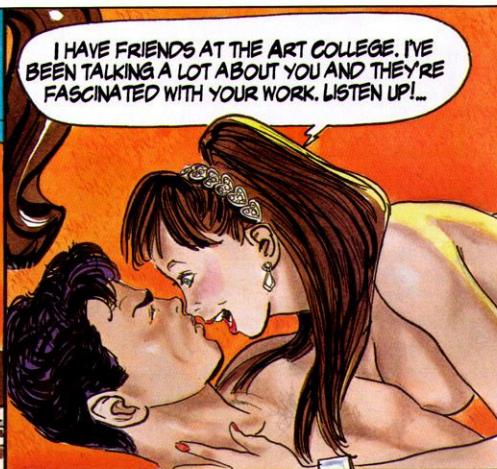
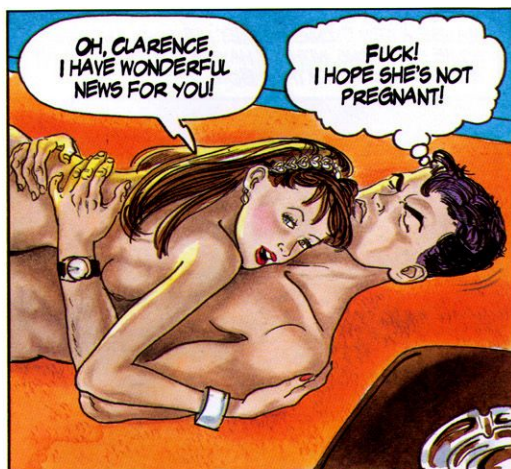
I'M  
CUMMING!!  
**AHHH!!**

49

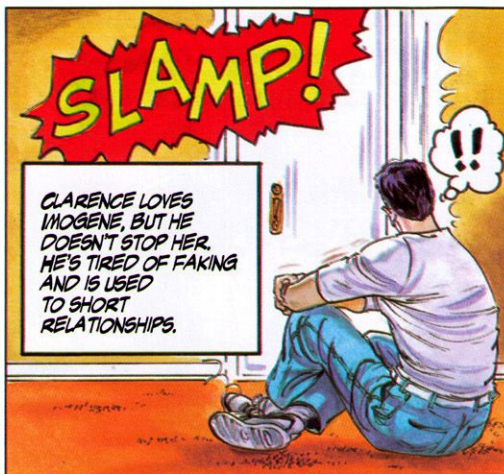




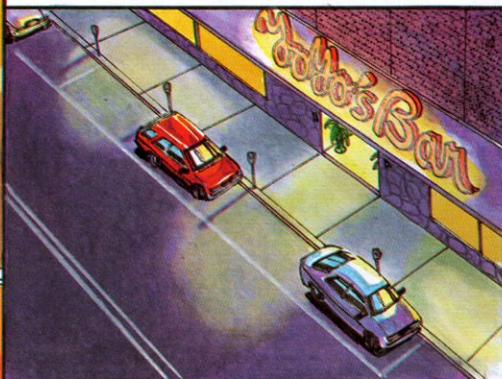




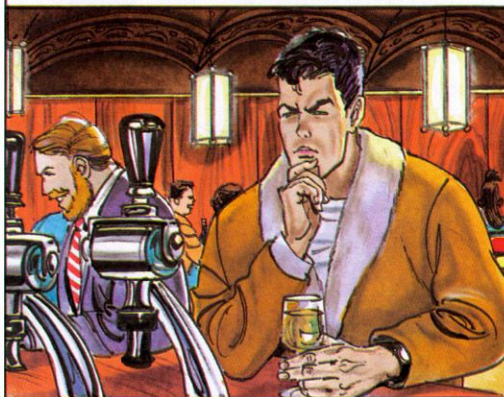




MAYBE A FEW DRINKS WILL LET HIM THINK AND FIND SOME SOLUTIONS, WITHOUT HAVING TO CONSULT AUNT ROSE OR GRANDFATHER BOB.



BUT ONE THING IS CLEAR. FOR THE FIRST TIME HE'S LOOKING AT THIS LIFE!

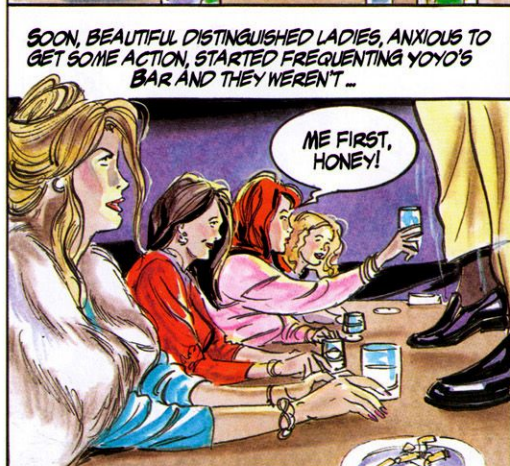
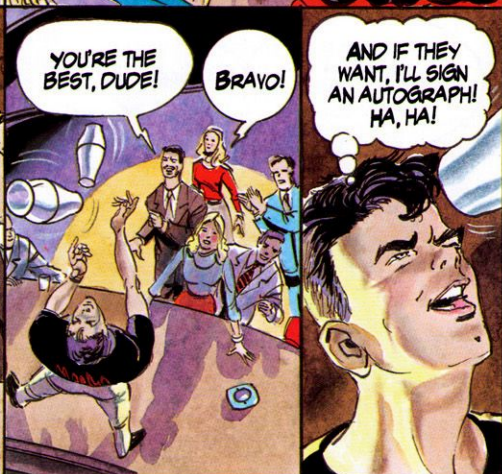
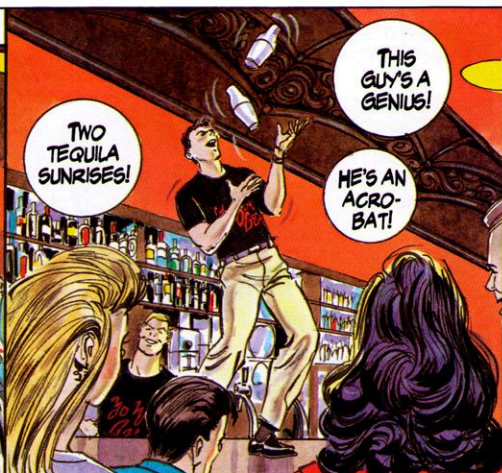






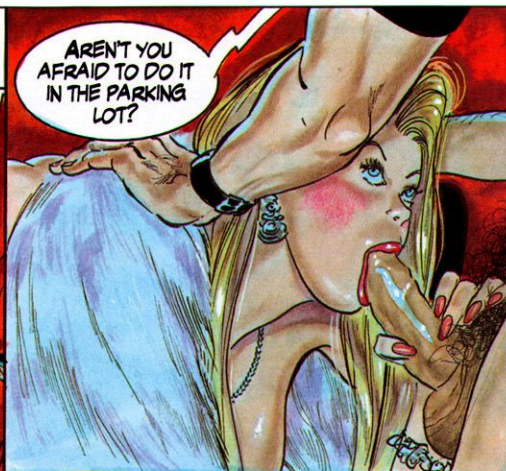


AND THAT'S HOW CLARENCE'S LIFE TOOK A NEW TURN...



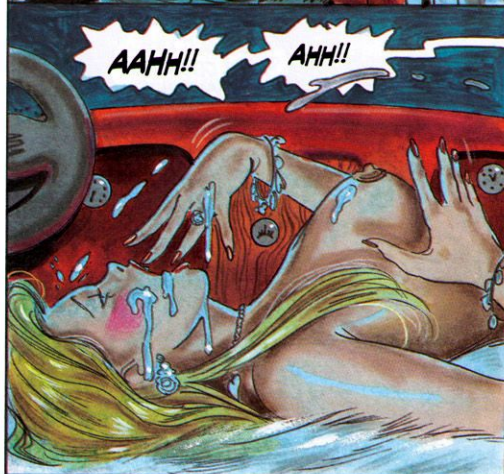
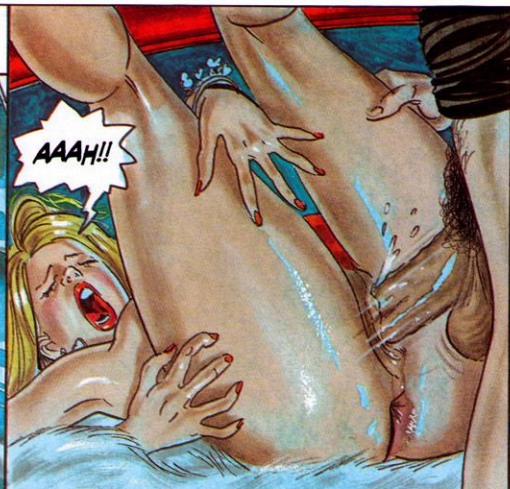


IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER THE NAMES OF ALL THE WOMEN RAIN FUCKED FROM THE BAR. IVETTE WAS AN EXCEPTION. BUT ONE THING WAS CLEAR, RAIN WAS RAIN!





NETTE THOUGHT RAIN WAS A ROUGH, LOW-CLASS GUY.  
SHE WANTED IT CRUDE.



FOR HIS PART, RAIN GOT OFF, BUT  
HE WASN'T GETTING INVOLVED. SEX  
WAS ONLY TO MAKE HIM FEEL  
LIKE A WINNER.

56



IMOGENE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN RAIN HAD EVER LOVED. BUT HE ALSO REALIZED THAT SHE LOVED A CLARENCE THAT DIDN'T EXIST. HE COULDN'T GO BACK! HE WAS DETERMINED TO FIND HIS IDENTITY.



HE'D MAKE SURE NETTE DIDN'T MISTAKE HIM FOR A TAXI-BOY.

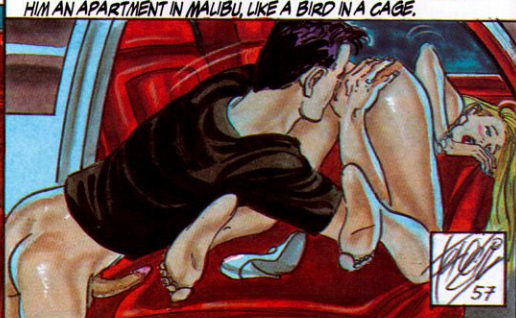
THAT'S WHY HE NEVER ACCEPTED TIPS OR GIFTS.

CLARENCE WOULDN'T DISHONOR THE PROUD RAIN-BOW CLAN.



NOW HIS PRIORITY IN LIFE WAS HIS WORK.

NETTE WANTED TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THE BAR AND RENT HIM AN APARTMENT IN MALIBU, LIKE A BIRD IN A CAGE.



57



BUT CLARENCE DIDN'T WANT TO BE JUST A  
STUD OR A BOY TOY.

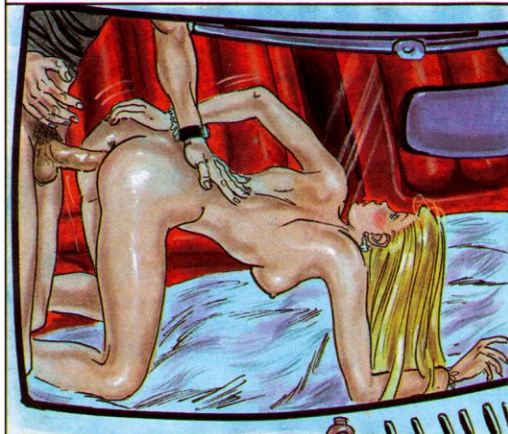


IVETTE AND CLARENCE GOT TOGETHER ALMOST EVERY  
NIGHT IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE BAR.



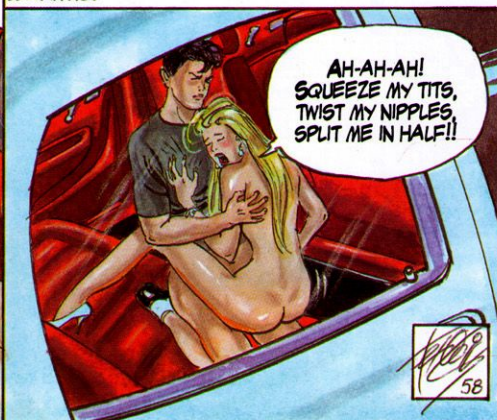
THEY ONLY FUCKED, AND HARDLY EVER TALKED.

IVETTE WAS MARRIED, BUT SHE WAS REALLY HAPPY  
WITH RAIN'S LONG, HARD, THICK COCK.



THE SLUT WENT SO FAR AS TO SAY SHE WAS WILLING TO  
LEAVE HER DECREPIT HUSBAND AND CLOSE HERSELF  
IN A DIRTY ROOM WITH RAIN UNTIL SHE DIED.

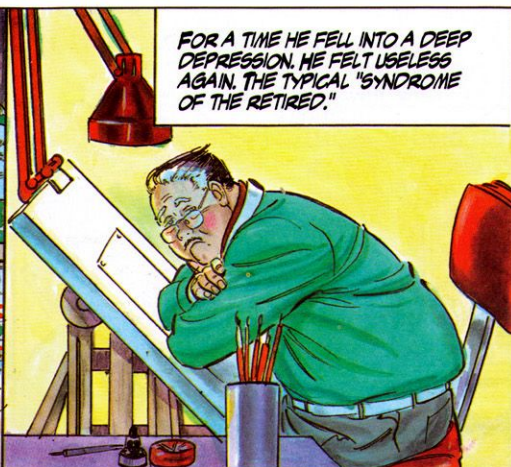
RAIN WAS LAZY AND IRRESPONSIBLE, BUT HE WAS  
LEARNING.







WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT RAIN WAS UP TO. HOW ABOUT BOW?



FOR A TIME HE FELL INTO A DEEP DEPRESSION. HE FELT USELESS AGAIN. THE TYPICAL "SYNDROME OF THE RETIRED."



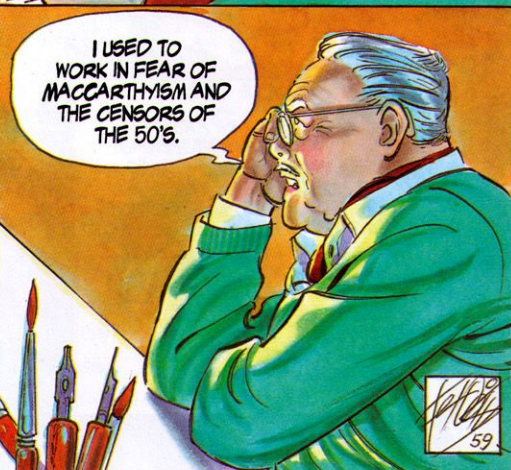
THESE DAMN GRAY ROOTS! DYING MY HAIR EVERY TWO WEEKS! I'VE HAD IT!!!



WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO DOING COMICS YOURSELF? I'M SURE SOME PUBLISHER WILL WANT YOUR WORK.



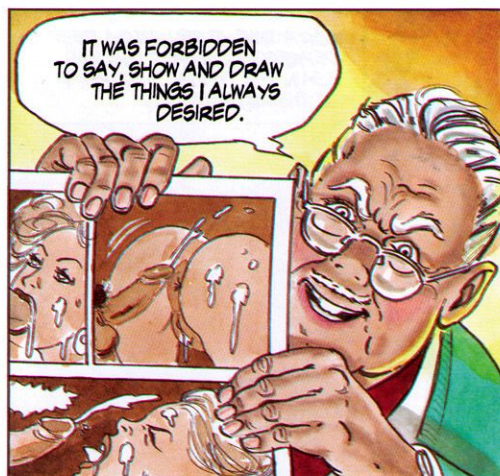
THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM. IT'S THAT I'M FROM ANOTHER TIME, UNDERSTAND?



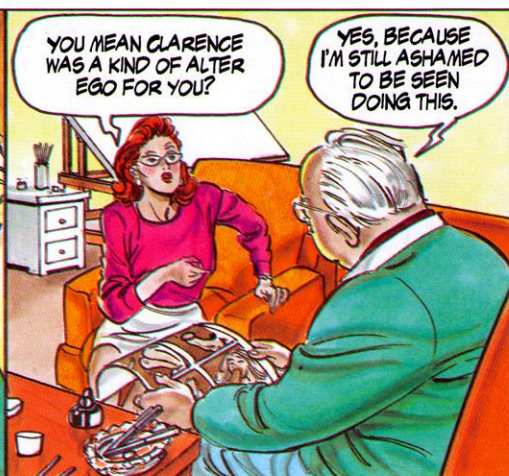
I USED TO WORK IN FEAR OF MACCARTHYISM AND THE CENSORS OF THE 50'S.

59



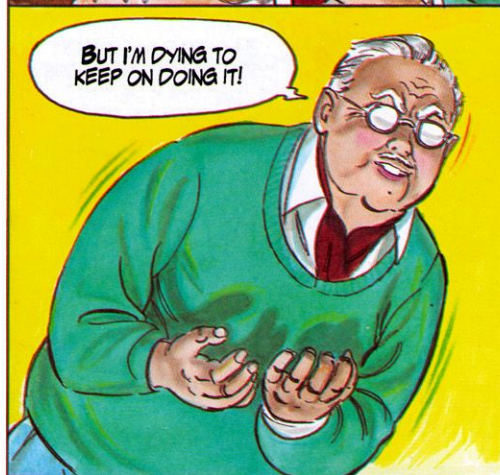


IT WAS FORBIDDEN  
TO SAY, SHOW AND DRAW  
THE THINGS I ALWAYS  
DESIRED.

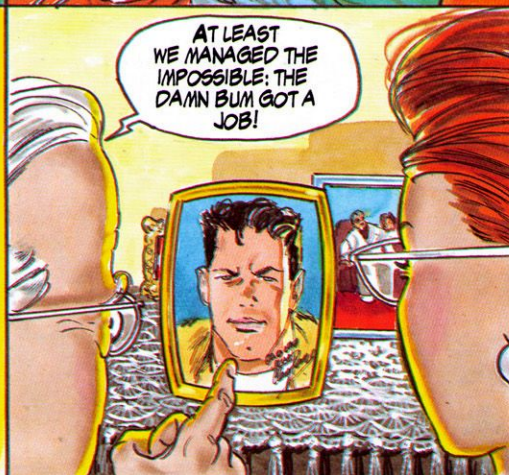


YOU MEAN CLARENCE  
WAS A KIND OF ALTER  
EGO FOR YOU?

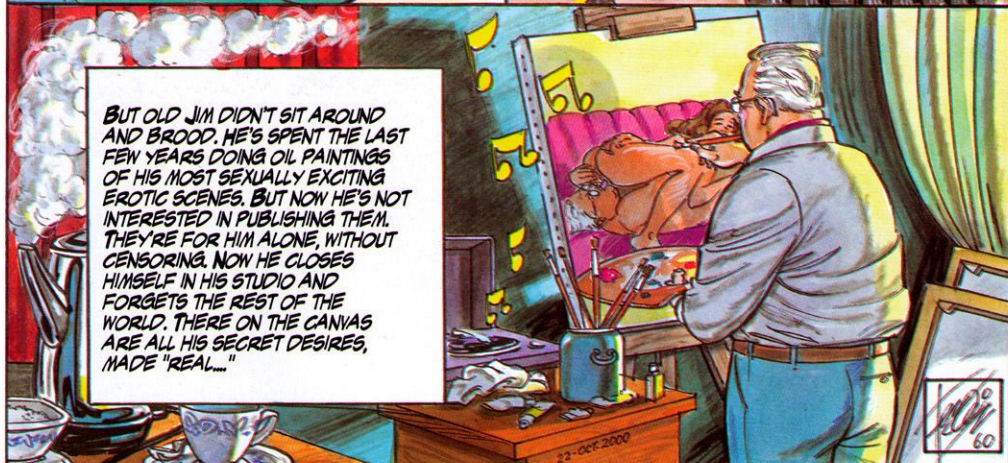
YES, BECAUSE  
I'M STILL ASHAMED  
TO BE SEEN  
DOING THIS.



BUT I'M DYING TO  
KEEP ON DOING IT!



AT LEAST  
WE MANAGED THE  
IMPOSSIBLE: THE  
DAMN BUM GOT A  
JOB!



BUT OLD JIM DIDN'T SIT AROUND  
AND BROOD. HE'S SPENT THE LAST  
FEW YEARS DOING OIL PAINTINGS  
OF HIS MOST SEXUALLY EXCITING  
EROTIC SCENES. BUT NOW HE'S NOT  
INTERESTED IN PUBLISHING THEM.  
THEY'RE FOR HIM ALONE, WITHOUT  
CENSORING. NOW HE CLOSES  
HIMSELF IN HIS STUDIO AND  
FORGETS THE REST OF THE  
WORLD. THERE ON THE CANVAS  
ARE ALL HIS SECRET DESIRES,  
MADE "REAL..."

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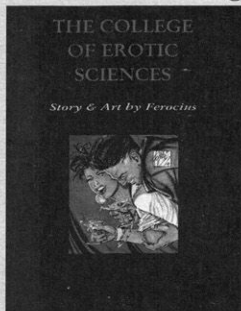
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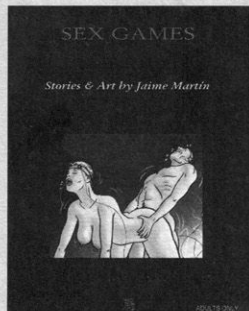
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# CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS  
CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS.  
WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED,  
NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE  
CONSEQUENCE...

THERE'S  
ALWAYS A FIRST  
TIME...

FLIRTING ON  
THE INTERNET IS  
FOR FREAKS, WITH  
THEIR CODES AND  
HINTS...

BUT I'M NOT  
SURPRISED! YOU'RE  
A FREAK! AND A  
HO! LEAVING ME  
WITH ALONE WITH  
A FEVER...

HE COULD  
BE A CREEP!  
YOU'VE NEVER  
MET ANYONE  
THROUGH THE  
INTERNET!

FOR ONCE I'M THE ONE  
GOING OUT TO GET LAID...AND  
YOU GIVE ME THIS SHIT!

AH...

HERE,  
ENTERTAIN  
YOURSELF.

OUR COUSIN ELVIRA  
SAYS THERE'S ONLY TWO  
IN THE WHOLE CITY.

VIRTUAL EJACULATOR

WHOOORE!

YOU'RE THE  
SLUT...!

BITC...!

PAF!









I CAN'T  
HOLD BACK...  
I WANNA SEE  
WHAT'S IN  
YOUR PA...

..NTS!



SURPRISE!



YOU'RE A GIRL!



BUT...  
I... UH...  
YOU...

I THOUGHT  
THAT WAS  
CLEAR! YOU  
RESPONDED TO  
ALL MY CHAT  
ROOM HINTS!



HINTS? WHAT  
HINTS?

THE HINTS THAT  
WE LESBIANS USE  
TO IDENTIFY  
OURSELVES ON  
THE INTERNET.



AHHH...  
YES. THIS IS  
BETTER THAN  
FUCKING!

SHIT! THAT  
SLUT LUCY'S  
GOT SOMETHING  
BETWEEN HER  
LEGS...

FLOPPING  
FLUIDS...



IF WHAT YOU  
NEED IS A DICK,  
IT ISN'T A  
PROBLEM...

LOOK, IT WAS  
A MISTAKE, BUT  
NOW I NEED YOU  
TO FUCK ME...







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Call the head office while squeezing the cock lever.



(YOU'RE WELCOME, MAN) THE END



# Bukowski is back. Bukowski is fucked.

A room in the middle of nowhere. A sink filled with bottles of mineral water. A radio that doesn't play classical music. Eleven identical dorks sitting in eleven chairs around a table.

And Henry Charles Bukowski sitting in the twelfth chair.

—Hell isn't exactly a lonely place, like I wrote somewhere, but it is a closed door, like I wrote some other place - he's been repeating this since March 9, 1994.

On the table, a board game called *Horses and Highways*, a pair of dice and four pieces: one red, one green, one yellow and one blue. Hank casts the dice on the board; a one and a three. He moves the blue piece and bets on horse number four. Then, three of the dorks play and make their bets. The other seven are the audience at the races. Hank swears, obsessed with his days in Hollywood Park.

If he could just lay into the eleven identical losers. But no. They're intangible. And so you can't bitch at them directly, he thinks. They don't talk or listen.

This is hell; Hank can only play this game over and over again.

For all eternity.

—All this only exists in my head. I could rip up the board into a thousand pieces and they'd have to close the track. Forever.

And Hank throws himself on the board game. But he can't get a grip on it. His hands go right through it and it slips away as if the cardboard were water. He swears. He starts a new game. Hank casts the dice with fury. Two sixes. His horse is ahead for the first time since he's been here.

—The moment to negotiate with eternity has arrived- he proclaims. Let's play hard. If I lose, I'll continue playing until I die again. If I win, I rip up the board. And I want a vat of white wine, kegs of beer, whisky, Cuban cigars, a computer and a whore with an ass like fresh jelly and a pussy that smiles at me and I want those losers out of here.

—It's my big bet- he screams.

A buzz followed by a voice invades the room: "Okay Hank, I accept your bet."

Satan - yells Hank.

The door opens. A blue light, vaporous and cold surrounds him and suddenly he finds himself in the middle of a real race course. With real horses. With nine real tracks. With real losers. With real bookies. With a screaming audience. With money in his hands. He counts it: 100 dollars. Hank looks at the tote board, the lines of people placing bets, the asses and the tits of the women who pass by. It's like I'm alive again, he says.

—This doesn't have anything to do with what I wrote about the racetrack: "I go there to sacrifice myself, to mutilate the hours, to murder them..."

Satan's voice says that if he manages to turn the \$100 into \$1000, he'll win the bet.

Hank asks, "Where's the bar?"

Behind the betting windows, someone answers.

Hank opens a path through the crowd. He makes a place at the bar. He contemplates the bottles on the shelves. It's a wonderful, liberating image. He drops \$20 and asks for a beer. He drinks it down in one gulp. Another, another. The second race begins. He orders a whisky. And looks

around for a woman. He sees one at the end of the bar. Incredibly long legs, full breasts, round ass. He imagines her in bed with him. The horses are in the home stretch. The crowd roars. The P.A. system announces that 16 is the winner and 6 places.

—Perfect, I won. I would've bet on 7 and 18- he says to the bartender and orders another whisky and a Cuban cigar.

Satan's voice reminds him that there are only seven races left. Hank thinks that right now a woman would be ideal. A whore who costs...\$65 (he counts his money). He figures it'll be impossible to leave the tracks. It's part of the bet, so he won't bother looking for the way out.

Horse number 11 wins the third race, 13 wins the fourth, 5 wins the fifth, 8 wins the sixth. In the seventh, 3 wins. In the eighth, 3 wins again. Because of what's going on in the races, the atmosphere gets depressing. Only the winners and Hank are happy.

—I'm having a great day, I haven't lost a fucking dollar yet- he says to the bartender, who serves him another whisky.

One more race and everything will go back to the way it was before. Hank counts his money: \$15; he can automatically bet on the longest shot.

—It's your last chance, Satan reminds him.

—We're closing up- says the bartender.

Hank orders three whiskies and pours them into a glass of paraffin.

The P.A. announces the start of a new race. It's on the main track. The crowd moves to the home stretch. Hank moves toward the ladies' room. He opens one of the stall doors and discovers the woman with long legs, full breasts and a round ass sitting on the john.

—Well, I'm done; what do you want to do now, Hank?- Satan's voice asks with legs spread and a shaved bush, offering him a tight, rosy pussy.

Hank grabs her head and gives her a long kiss. Then he slips his fingers in her pussy while she takes his cock out. She brushes her lips against it. Hank squeezes her tits and makes her suck it thinking that she'll swallow his cum. Hank pushes hard up against her... and she takes his balls and greedily licks them. Hank spits on her tits. He doesn't want it to end yet. He takes his cock out of her mouth and starts licking her nipples. Then he puts it back in. He thinks that fucking her would be too much work. And so he puts it back in her mouth. She runs her tongue over his balls and his shaft, and works on the head. She takes it all into her mouth and keeps sucking. Hank controls the movement, taking it out and putting it back in so he won't come too fast; it seems like time doesn't exist anymore. What time is it? How much time has passed? he asks.

—You want millions of little Hanks floating in your mouth and swimming around in your stomach, you satanic whore? - he yells when he can't hold on anymore, ready to let loose 11 years of accumulated semen.

And Hank notices that he's sinking into the restroom floor. The twenty-two arms, now real and strong, of the eleven losers, pull him down. His dick rock-hard, his cum about to explode out of him, a metallic laugh and Hank's voice, piercing, howling: Satan, I want revenge!

Way down at the bottom are the board game, the dice, the colored pieces and the twelve chairs.

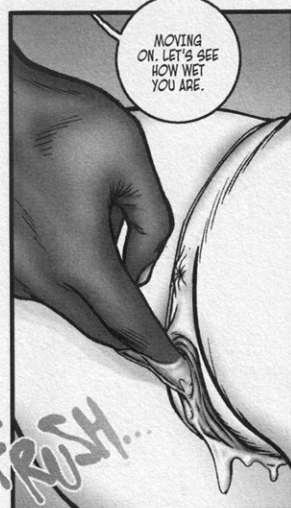














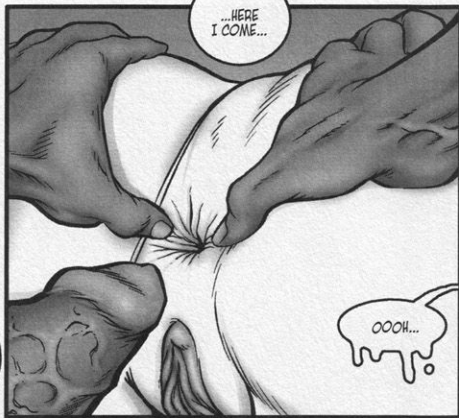
NOW  
WORK THAT  
MOUTH...UP  
AND DOWN,  
BACK AND  
FORTH...



HOW'S  
THAT BOOTY?  
YOU WANNA  
FEEL THIS IN  
YOUR ASS?  
TELL ME.

YESSHH...

HOLD  
ON TIGHT AND  
BITE THE  
BULLET...



...HERE  
I COME...

OOOH...



AAAH...!



WHAT?!

SHHH...  
SHHH...  
CALM  
DOWN...

IT'S MY  
FRIEND.



HORN  
SLUT...HERE  
YOU GO...

...YOU GOT A GUY  
NAILING YOUR ASS,  
ANOTHER CRAMMED  
IN YOUR MOUTH AND  
YOU STILL WANT  
MORE...TAKE A  
COOK IN YOUR  
PUSSY...



YESSSMMGH...



YOU  
LIKE THAT,  
DON'T YOU?  
AND YOU WANT  
MORE!

Flop  
Flop  
Flop







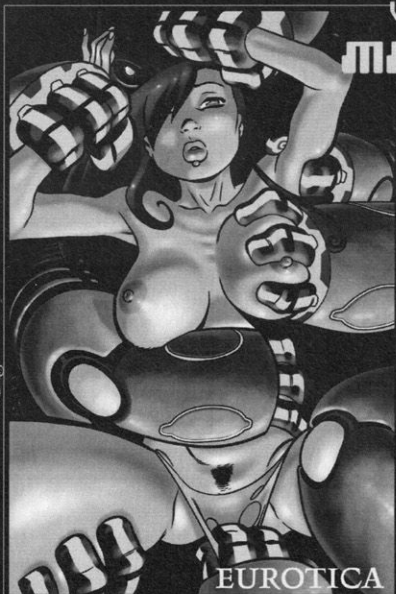


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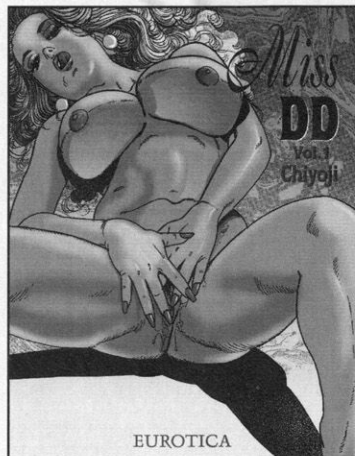
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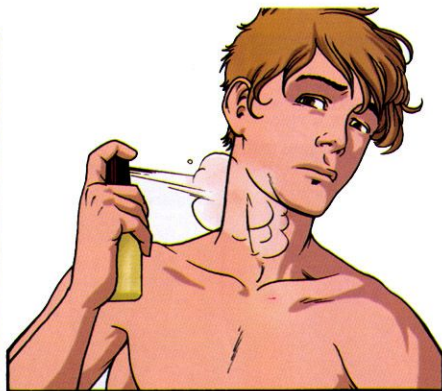
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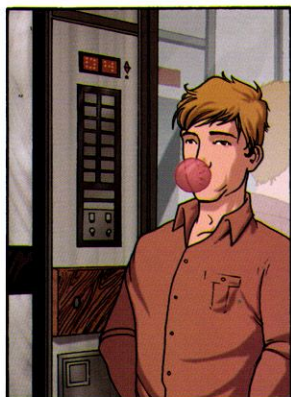


ON THE BEST



"I HARDLY EVER USED AFTERSHAVE, BUT MARTHA HAD GIVEN ME A BOTTLE..."

"...AND TONIGHT WE WERE GOING OUT TOGETHER."



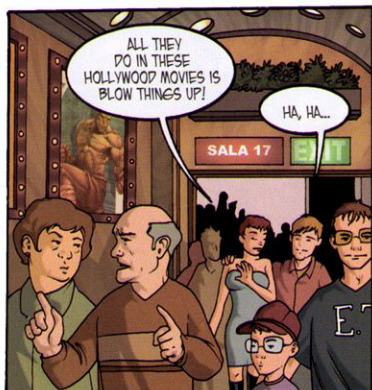
"I WAS... WELL...LET'S SAY I LIKED MARTHA."

"I ALSO LIKED THE GIRL FROM NUMBER FOUR, BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. SHE'D BEEN THE SUBJECT OF MY FANTASIES WHILE JERKING OFF."

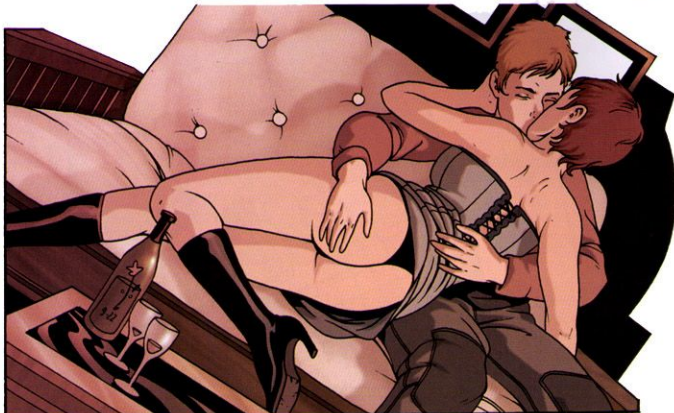
"UNTIL THAT DAY WE'D NEVER EVEN SAID HELLO."







"MARTHA SEEMED TO HAVE EVERYTHING. SHE MADE ME LAUGH."



"AND, AT OTHER TIMES, SHE MADE ME GET SERIOUS."



"EVERYTHING ABOUT HER WAS PINK, WARM AND SOFT..."



"LICKING MARTHA'S PUSSY WAS A SUBLIME EXPERIENCE."



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE LITTLE THING..."



"IN THE FIVE OR SIX TIMES WE'D BEEN TOGETHER...."



"...SHE'D NEVER GONE DOWN TO SUCK MY COCK EVEN ONCE."





"THE HENRY INCIDENT - THAT'S WHAT I CALLED THE ENCOUNTER WITH MY NEIGHBOR IN THE ELEVATOR - HAD MADE ME CURIOUS."



"I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE."



"LOOKED LIKE HENRY WAS A GOOD PERSON, WHO'D BEEN AWAY FOR A WHILE."



"I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SHERLOCK HOLMES TO GET A CLEAR IDEA OF THE SITUATION."



"MY NEIGHBOR WAS BLIND, HORNY AND CHEATING ON HER HUSBAND."



"I COULDN'T HELP IMAGINING HER WITH THE MYSTERIOUS HENRY'S COCK IN HER MOUTH..."



"... AND THAT NIGHT I CALLED MARTHA, READY TO PROVOKE HER FIRST BLOW JOB."





"AS I SAID, I LIKED MARTHA A LOT,  
AND IT WAS MORE THAN JUST SEX."



"I WON'T SAY I WAS THINKING ABOUT A  
HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY TO RAISE OUR  
EIGHT KIDS."



"THAT WOULD BE AN EXAGGERATION. BUT  
I WANTED TO BE A GENTLEMAN...SUBTLE."



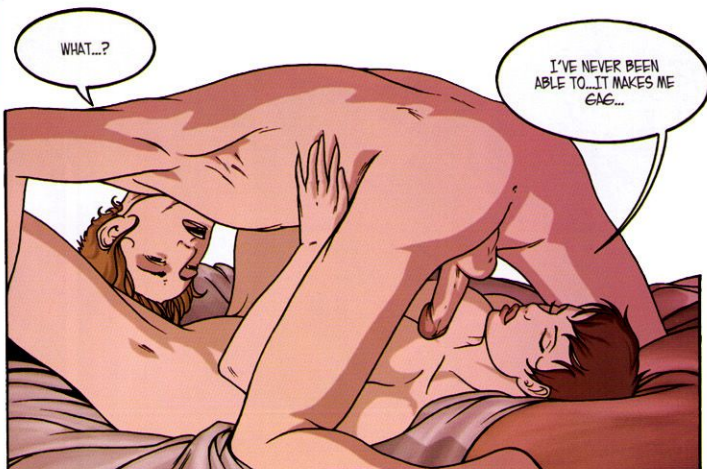
"I WASN'T GONNA PUT MY HAND ON HER  
HEAD AND PUSH IT DOWN."



"I THOUGHT THE BEST WOULD BE TO TRY A 69..."



I CAN'T...



WHAT...?

I'VE NEVER BEEN  
ABLE TO...IT MAKES ME  
GAG...

"...WITHOUT TALKING"





"COULD I HAVE EIGHT KIDS WITH A WOMAN WHO COULDN'T DO IT?"



"THAT'S WHAT I WAS ASKING MYSELF WHEN THE SECOND INCIDENT TOOK PLACE. I'D PUT ON THE AFTER SHAVE."



"TIME STOOD STILL. WAS SHE TELLING ME TO KEEP QUIET? WHAT DID SHE WANT FROM ME?"



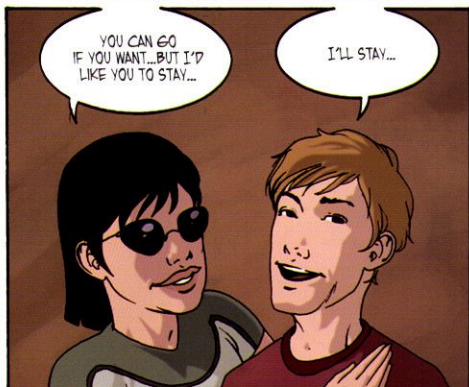
"BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING, SHE CAME UP TO ME AND TOOK MY HAND, LIKE THE FIRST TIME."



"THEN I REMEMBERED ....RAINBOW FOUNDATION FOR DEAF-MUTE CHILDREN....."



"BY NOW I ALREADY KNEW, BUT WHEN HE LEFT US ALONE, SHE CONFIRMED IT: HENRY (THAT IS, I) WAS MUTE."



"I SUPPOSED THE LOSS OF SIGHT OR HEARING BROUGHT PEOPLE TOGETHER LIKE BASEBALL OR STAMP COLLECTING."

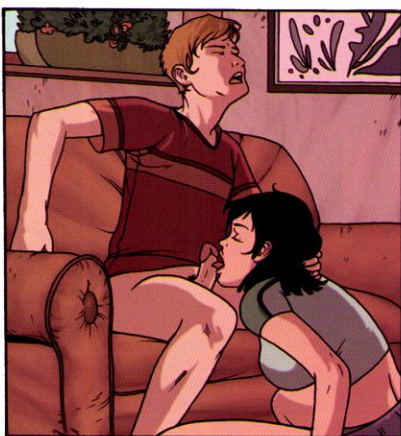




"AT THIS POINT OF CRAZINESS,  
THE FACT THAT SHE PULLED MY  
COCK OUT RIGHT THERE..."



"...WITH HER HUSBAND ABOUT  
SIX FEET AWAY..."



"...DIDN'T EVEN SEEM STRANGE."



WHAT DOES  
IT TASTE LIKE,  
HONEY?

"BUT IT WAS A LITTLE STRANGE THAT THE EXCI-  
TEMENT DIDN'T DEPEND ON IT BEING FURTIVE."



IT'S SALTY...  
AND A LITTLE BITTER...

"...IN FACT, IT WAS EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE."



"BUT WHAT DID I CARE... I WAS  
ON ANOTHER PLANET."



AH... HENRY...  
YOU HAVE TO COME  
MORE OFTEN...

"THEY SAY THAT THE LOSS OF VISION DEVELOPS THE REMAINING SENSES...MY NEIGHBOR  
DID WONDER WITH TOUCH!"





"FROM ONE DAY TO THE NEXT, I FOUND MARTHA INSIPID."



"WAS THE SECOND INCIDENT A SIGNAL? WAS LIFE SCREAMING IN MY EAR 'NO! YOU CAN'T GET STUCK WITH A WOMAN WHO CAN'T DO IT!'"



"'WITH YOUR SILENCE IS NEVER UNCOMFORTABLE,' SHE SAID. I DECIDED NOT TO DRAG IT OUT, BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE."

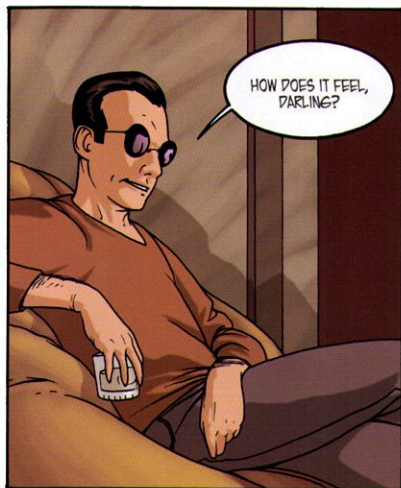


"IT'S NOT YOU... I'M THE PROBLEM..."

"MY EXPLANATIONS WERE ABSTRACT AND NOT AT ALL ORIGINAL..."



"AND I CONTINUED TO LIVE IN THE MUTE SKIN OF HENRY."



"HOW DOES IT FEEL, DARLING?"



"HARD AND HOT, MY LOVE..."





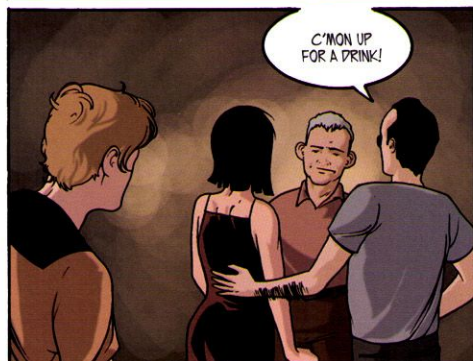
"WAS I DUMB? MAYBE... WAS I AN ASSHOLE? MAYBE, THAT TOO..."



"I WON'T LOOK FOR THE MORAL OF THIS STORY."



"ONE DAY, OUT OF THE BLUE, HENRY REAPPEARED."



"THE NEXT DAY, SOAKED IN AFTERSHAVE, I GOT IN THE ELEVATOR WITH MY NEIGHBORS. HE SAID, 'HEY HENRY, HOW'S IT GOIN'?"



"SHE TOLD HIM HE WAS MISTAKEN. THAT I WASN'T HENRY, THAT I WAS THE GUY IN NUMBER TWO, SIXTH FLOOR, AND THEN SHE APOLOGIZED FOR HER HUSBAND'S BLUNDER."



"WAS I BOLD, INDECENT, OR DESPERATE ENOUGH TO CALL MARTHA AGAIN? YES, I WAS ALL THREE."

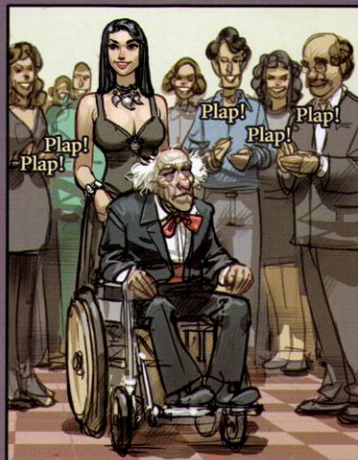


"SHE WASN'T ABSTRACT ABOUT IT AT ALL. SHE TOLD ME VERY CLEARLY TO GO FUCK MYSELF."

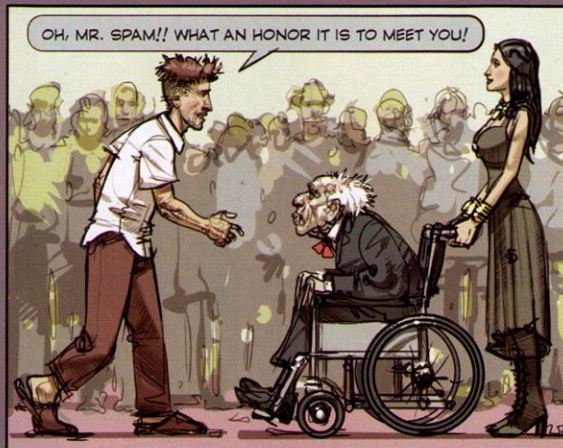


# EXPOSITION

## Revelations of the wind





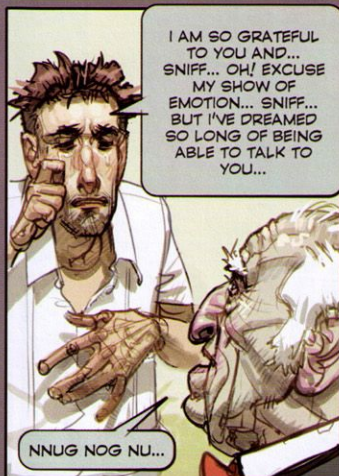


OH, MR. SPAM!! WHAT AN HONOR IT IS TO MEET YOU!



I'M A HUGE FAN OF YOURS!! YOUR MARVELOUS ILLUSTRATIONS HAVE BEEN WITH ME SINCE MY EARLIEST MEMORIES. MY FATHER COLLECTED ALL YOUR BACON & BASEY ALTMANACS...

AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT YOUR WORK IS AN EXAMPLE AND A DAILY INSPIRATION FOR MY WORK AS AN ILLUSTRATOR.



I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU AND... SNIFF... OH! EXCUSE MY SHOW OF EMOTION... SNIFF... BUT I'VE DREAMED SO LONG OF BEING ABLE TO TALK TO YOU...

NNUG NOG NU...



UNFORTUNATELY YOU TWO WON'T BE CHATTING MUCH. A YEAR AGO HE HAD A STROKE THAT LEFT HIM UNABLE TO MOVE OR TALK...

NUG!

OH, SORRY.



HELLO. I'M ANNA, GIL SPAM'S GRANDDAUGHTER AND THE COMMISSIONER OF THIS SHOW.

IT'S A PLEASURE.



CONGRATULATIONS! WHAT AN AMAZING JOB YOU'VE DONE! ALL OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S WORK IS HERE...

THANKS! YES, THIS IS ALMOST ALL HIS WORK. I CAN TELL YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED IN IT...



WITHOUT GOING FURTHER, HERE'S AN UNFORGETTABLE EXAMPLE OF WHAT I'M SAYING...





"REVELATIONS OF THE WIND"

A RECURRENT THEME IN THE PIN-UP WORLD, BUT HERE IT'S TREATED WITH ASTOUNDING DELICACY. THIS IS ORIGINAL! THIS IS DIFFERENT!



ONLY THE SUBTLE, PROFOUND AND REFINED SPIRIT OF GIL SPAM COULD CAPTURE THE FEMININE ESSENCE SO COMPLETELY!



HEY! WE'RE IN TOTAL AGREEMENT! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SAME THING! PLUS IT'S A BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE THAT YOU CHOSE THIS PAINTING IN PARTICULAR.



THIS WORK IS A FUNDAMENTAL PART OF MY LIFE. I STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT...



I WAS ALMOST A WOMAN THEN AND I WAS ALONE IN MY GRANDFATHER'S STUDIO. I'D NEVER PAID ATTENTION TO HIS ILLUSTRATIONS, BUT THAT AFTERNOON I CAME ACROSS IT AND IT STRUCK ME. I COULDN'T STOP LOOKING AT IT: I FELT THE IMAGE, I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS OF MYSELF... I FELT THE WIND, THE SKIRT AND THE STOCKINGS. I FELT SURPRISE, SHAME AND THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING MORE THAN MY MODESTY WOULD ALLOW...



I FELT THE SENSUALITY OF THAT WOMAN AND THE DESIRE TO IMITATE HER. I EVEN TURNED ON A FAN THAT WAS THERE...



THAT INTENSE EMPATHY...



...LIT MY DARKEST DEPTHS...



AND I DISCOVERED MY PASSION FOR ART...

AHH...

FROM THAT DAY ON, A STRONG INTEREST IN MY GRANDFATHER'S DRAWINGS GREW INSIDE ME. I SPENT HOURS OBSERVING EACH TINY DETAIL. AND I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT HIS WORK AND ABOUT PAINTING IN GENERAL. IT SHAPED MY CAREER: I'VE GOT A DEGREE IN ART HISTORY.

WHAT AN IMPRESSION A REAL ARTIST CAN MAKE!

WHAT WAS THE GENESIS OF THIS WORK? WHERE DID THAT SPARK OF GENIUS COME FROM?

HOW DID THAT IDEA OCCUR TO YOU, GRANDDAD?

NNUGGG  
NUNU  
NUGGG!

I WISH  
HE COULD  
REMEMBER!!  
WE'D LEARN  
SO MUCH  
ABOUT ART!!

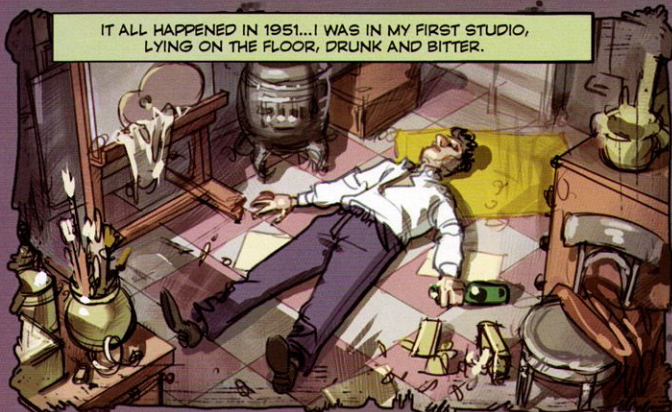
OF COURSE I REMEMBER, ASSHOLE!! HOW  
COULD I FORGET MY FIRST IMPORTANT WORK!

NNNU NOG!

THOSE MEMORIES ARE AS REAL IN MY HEAD  
AS THE WHEELCHAIR UNDER MY ASS...



IT ALL HAPPENED IN 1951... I WAS IN MY FIRST STUDIO,  
LYING ON THE FLOOR, DRUNK AND BITTER.



I HAD TO TURN A DRAWING IN TO  
BACON & BASEY. I COULDN'T THINK  
OF ANYTHING. SUDDENLY I HEARD  
A SCREAM...



AHH!

I WENT DOWN AND APPROACHED  
A CROWD OF PEOPLE.



THERE ON THE GROUND WAS LARA,  
THE POLISH GIRL FROM 5C. SHE WAS  
CRYING. A TRUCK HAD HIT HER DOG.



I PAUSED TO LOOK AT THE  
RUN-OVER ANIMAL. THEN  
I REALIZED WITH HORROR THAT  
EVERYONE HAD GONE, LEAVING  
ME ALONE WITH HER.



BEFORE  
I COULD TAKE  
OFF, LARA  
GRABBED MY  
HAND AND  
BETWEEN SOBS  
ASKED IF  
I WOULD HELP  
HER BURY  
"ZUNY."

PLEASE...



WE WALKED A FEW YARDS TO AN EMPTY  
LOT NEXT TO THE TRACKS.



I WAS WORKING LIKE A SLAVE,  
BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH. THE HOLE WAS  
SMALLER THAN THE BODY.



SHE TRIED HARD TO GET THE DOG IN THERE, BUT IT WOULDN'T GO. SHE CRIED, ENRAGED BY THE FRUSTRATION, AND GRABBED ME, CRYING...

WHYYYYYYY!!!  
WHYYYYYYY!!!

I DUNNO...

I SAID SOMETHING TO HER, BUT I'M A MAN OF FEW WORDS AND SHE WOULDN'T CALM DOWN, SO I STARTED RUBBING HER ASS AND HER TITTIES.

WAAAAAH!!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING, YOU JERK?!

YES...

NOOOOO!!  
NOOOOO!!

AAAAH!!! NOO!!  
STOP!! STOP!!

STOP, ANIMAL! YOU'LL RIP UP MY CLOTHES...

YES!!



SHE TOOK OFF HER DRESS  
AND WE FUCKED LIKE DOGS.

Hummmmm!!!

Chup!  
Chom!  
Chup!

Flop!  
Flap!  
Flop!  
Flap!

Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!

Flop!  
Flap!  
Flop!  
Flap!

Splosh!

NNNNNNNN...

Ohh!



WHEN WE WERE DONE, SHE SAID  
SOMETHING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.  
RIGHT THEN A TRAIN WENT BY...

**TUUUUUU!!!!**

**Ta-tan!!!  
Ta-tan!!!**

**Ta-tan!!!  
Ta-tan!!!**

...THE WIND FROM THE TRAIN LIFTED  
SOME PAPERS AND HER PETTICOAT...

...AND THERE I SAW  
IT...THAT WAS THE  
IDEA I NEEDED!

THEN SHE REPEATED WHAT SHE SAID.  
"FUCK ME AGAIN, NOW I WANNA COME,"  
SHE SAID. I TOLD HER TO FUCK OFF AND  
WENT BACK TO PAINT...

...TRUTH IS, THEY'RE ALL SLUTS...

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SEE THE EXHIBITION TOGETHER?

YES, I'D  
LOVE TO.

BUT FIRST...

TO GIL SPAM!!

**Cling!!**

**Chut!**

NNNG...

BAH! GO FUCK YOURSELVES!



# Next issue



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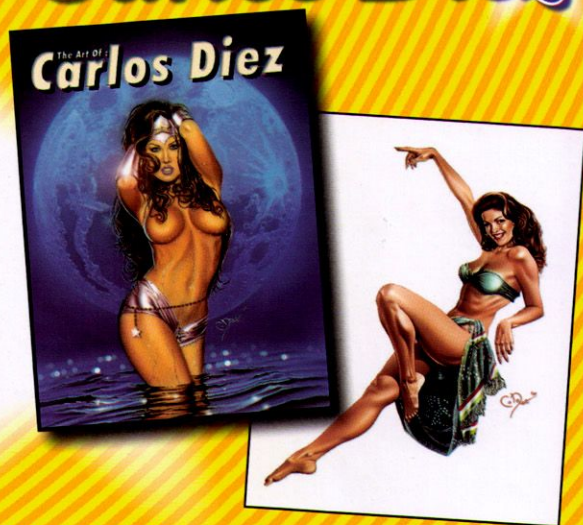


# The Art of Carlos Diez

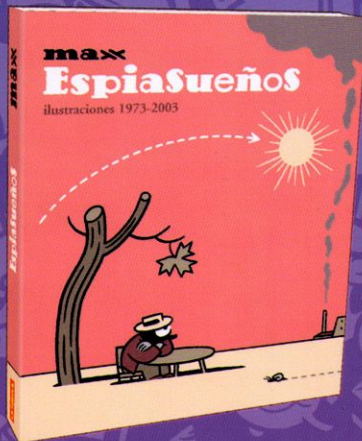
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